

# STARBLAZER

12p

AUS 40c NZ

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 9

HE WAS JUDGE,  
JURY AND  
EXECUTIONER!

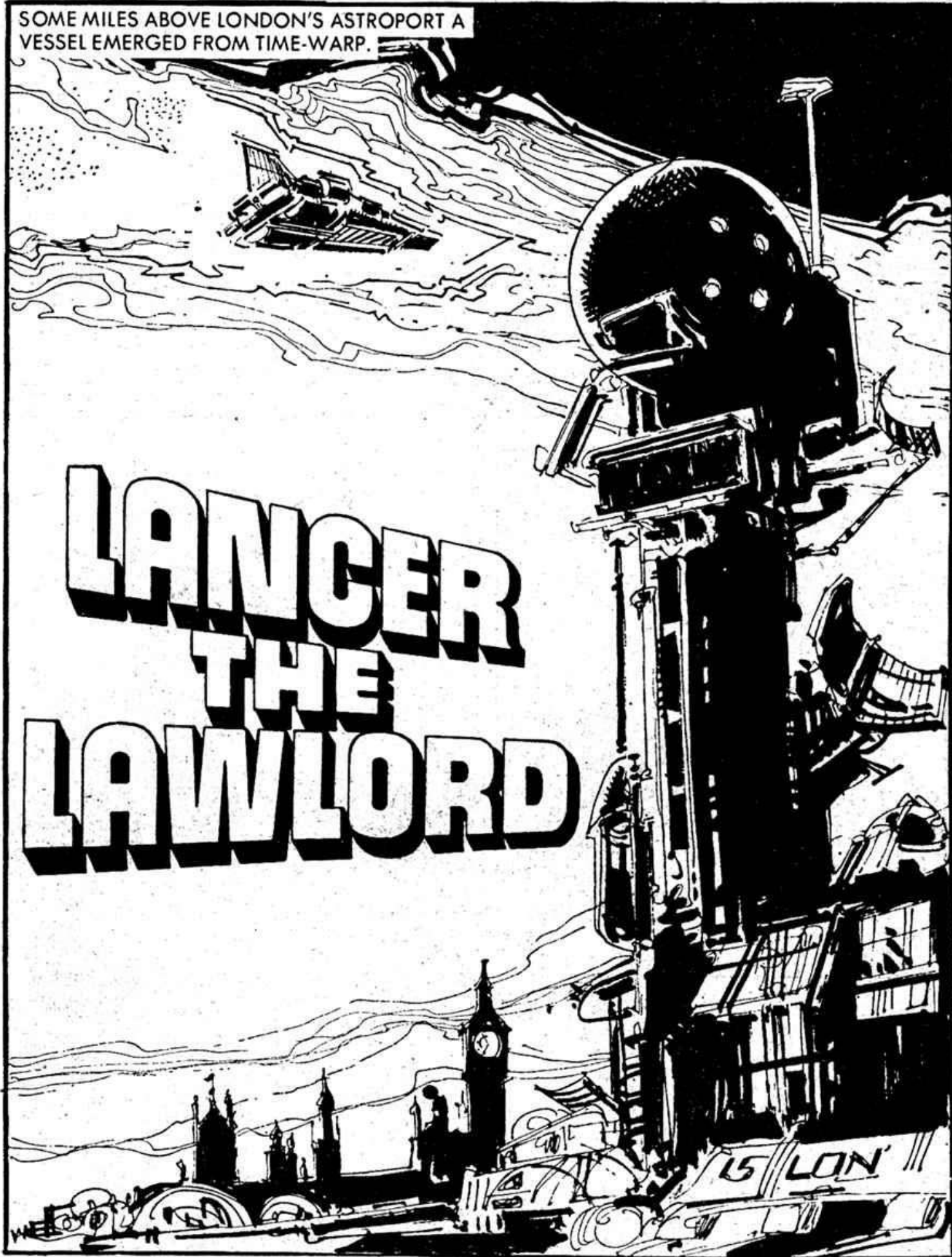
LANCER THE LAWLORD

A stylized space scene. A large, dark, curved shape, possibly a planet or a nebula, dominates the left side. A small, textured sphere is positioned above the title. To the right, a ringed planet is visible. The background is filled with numerous small dots representing stars and several larger, solid black circles of varying sizes. A small, multi-pointed starburst is located near the bottom right.

# STARBLAZER

TIME-WARP OPENED UP GALAXIES MANY LIGHT YEARS DISTANT. TO PATROL THEM, THE GALACTIC FEDERATION FORMED A CORPS OF SPECIALLY TRAINED MEN TO DO FOR SPACE WHAT THE FEARLESS MARSHALS DID FOR THE EARLY WEST. THEY CALLED THEM—THE LAW LORDS. THEIR OATH—TO BRING JUSTICE TO THE WILD DESOLATION OF SPACE: TO BE JUDGE, JURY AND SOMETIMES—EXECUTIONER.

SOME MILES ABOVE LONDON'S ASTROPORT A  
VESSEL EMERGED FROM TIME-WARP.





AND IN THE LONDON SPACE  
CONTROL CENTRE...

CONTROL TO  
APPROACHING VESSEL.  
IDENTIFY YOURSELF!  
VESSEL IN SECTOR V  
IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

IT'S NOT ANSWERING.  
LAUNCH INTERCEPTORS—PUT  
EMERGENCY CREW ON  
STANDBY!

KLAXONS BLARED  
OUT, AND RESCUE  
CREWS SPED TO  
THEIR VEHICLES.

RED ALERT! PROBE PILOTS  
INTERCEPT VESSEL IN SECTOR V  
... EMERGENCY RESCUE CREW  
ON STANDBY.

RESCUE



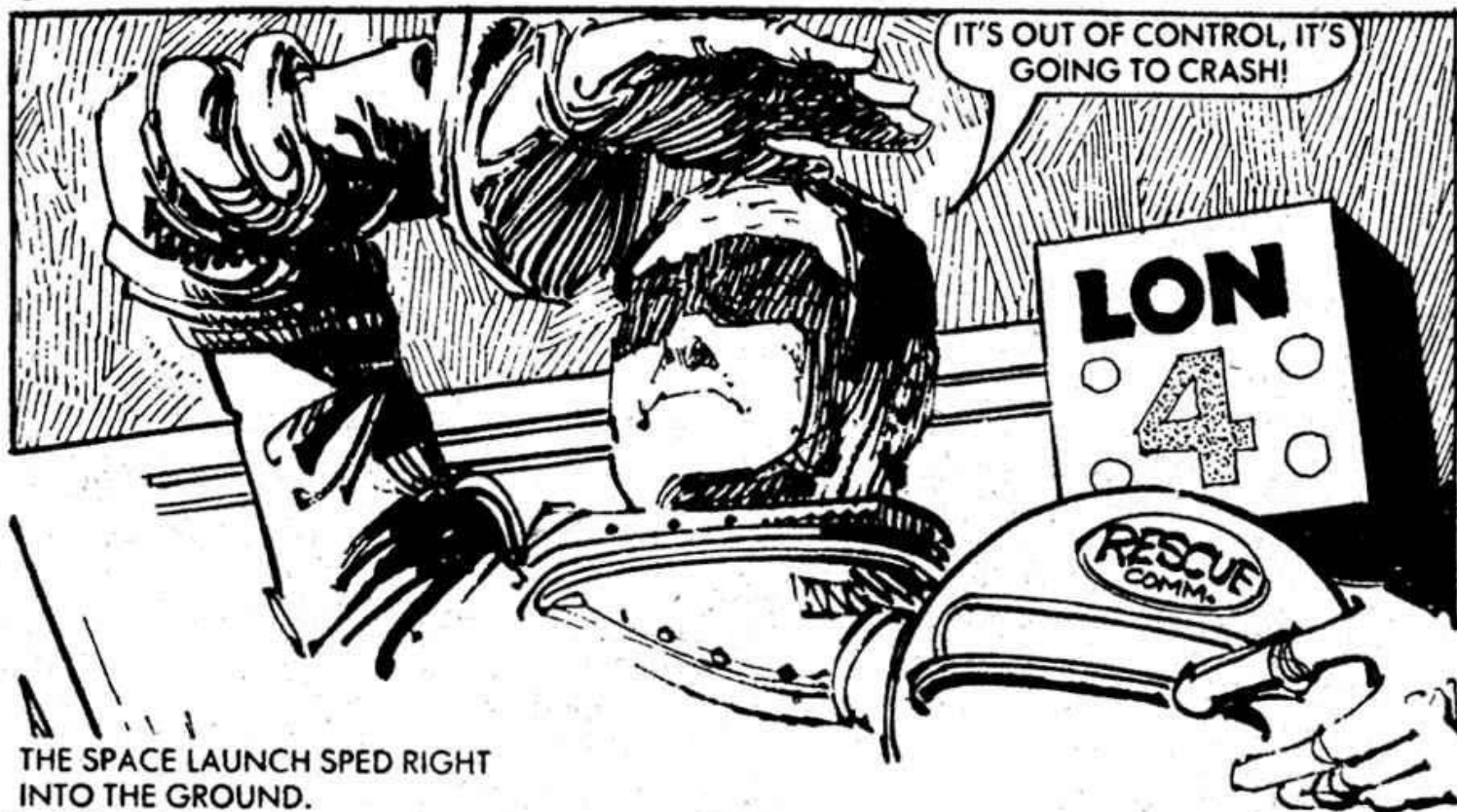
SECONDS LATER, A PROBE PILOT GAINED VISUAL CONTACT.

PROBE CRAFT ONE TO CONTROL.  
THE VESSEL IS A LIFE-SUPPORT  
LAUNCH FROM SPACESHIP ARGUS.  
NO ANSWER TO SIGNALS—WILL  
ESCORT TO LANDING AREA.

AND ON THE GROUND...

THERE IT IS!














THE STORY LEAKED OUT AND REPORTERS FOLLOWED IT UP AT THE TERRESTRIAL MINING CORPORATION H.Q.






ASTALIA IS MOSTLY DESERT.  
MINERALS IN ITS SAND MAKE THE  
PRODUCTION OF CERAMIC SPACE-  
CRAFT HEAT SHIELDS FAR SUPERIOR  
TO ANY NOW KNOWN A REAL  
POSSIBILITY.

HAVE YOU BEEN IN  
RADIO CONTACT WITH  
CAPTAIN HOGAN OF  
THE ARGUS?



THIS IS COMMANDER SMEED, OUR  
COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER.



A ROUTINE REPORT TWO  
DAYS AGO SAID  
EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL.  
SINCE THEN WE HAVE BEEN  
UNABLE TO RAISE THEM ON  
THE RADIO OR VID-SCREEN.



ALTER




TV



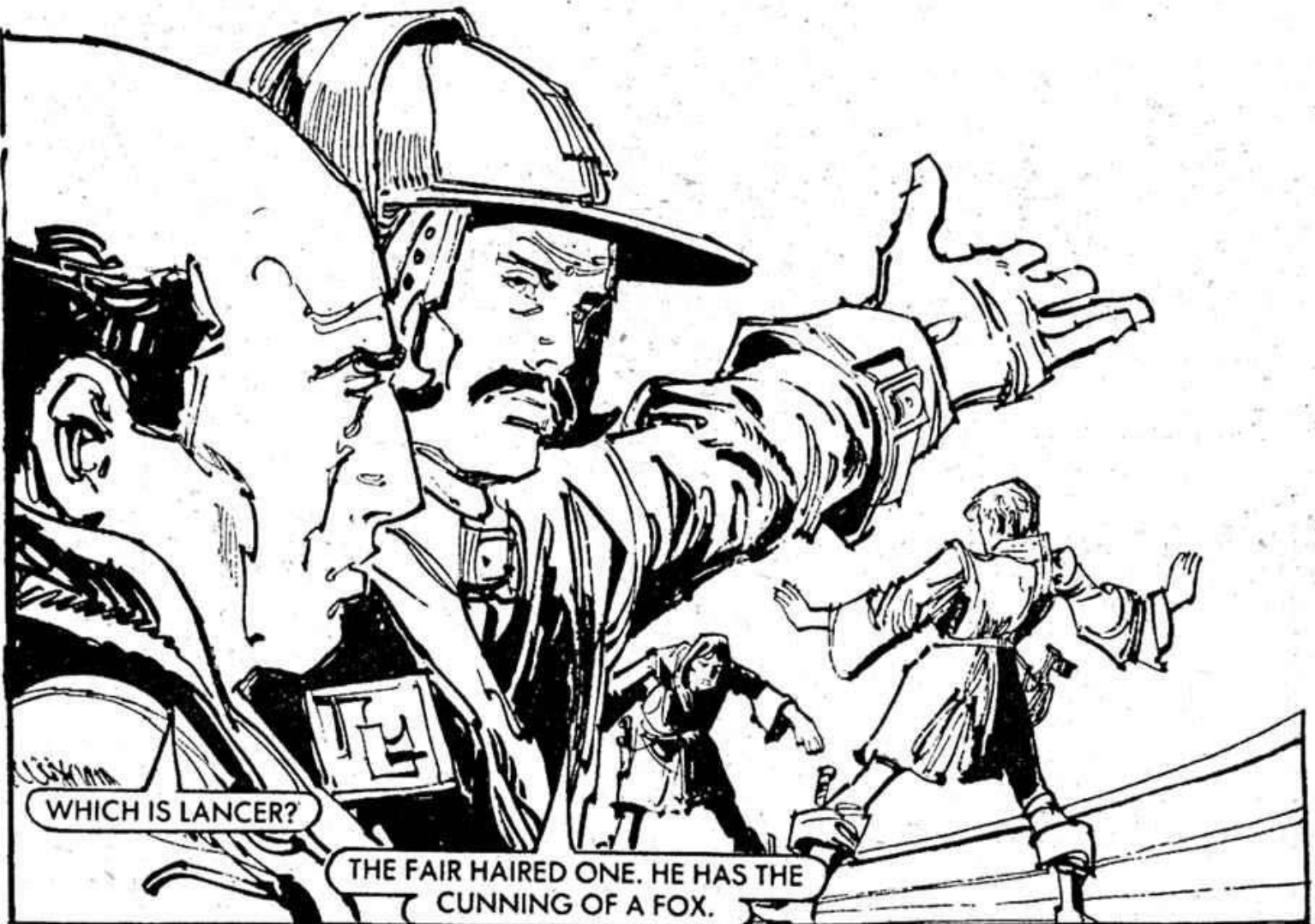




THE LAWLORDS WERE TRAVELLING  
JUDGES. ON EVERY MAJOR PLANET  
THEY HAD A BASE.



SINCE YOUR VIDEO CALL I HAVE  
CONSIDERED YOUR PROBLEM,  
CHAIRMAN. LANCER IS THE MAN YOU  
NEED. HE WILL BE AT COMBAT  
PRACTICE.



WHICH IS LANCER?

THE FAIR HAURED ONE. HE HAS THE  
CUNNING OF A FOX.







WHO IS ASTRO?

AN ANDROID I BUILT. HE IS NAVIGATOR, CREW AND COMPANION. MEMORY BANKS MAKE HIM A WALKING GENIUS AND HE CAN PERFORM COMPLEX ASTRO-NAV. CALCULATIONS IN MICROSECONDS.

IN THE CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE.

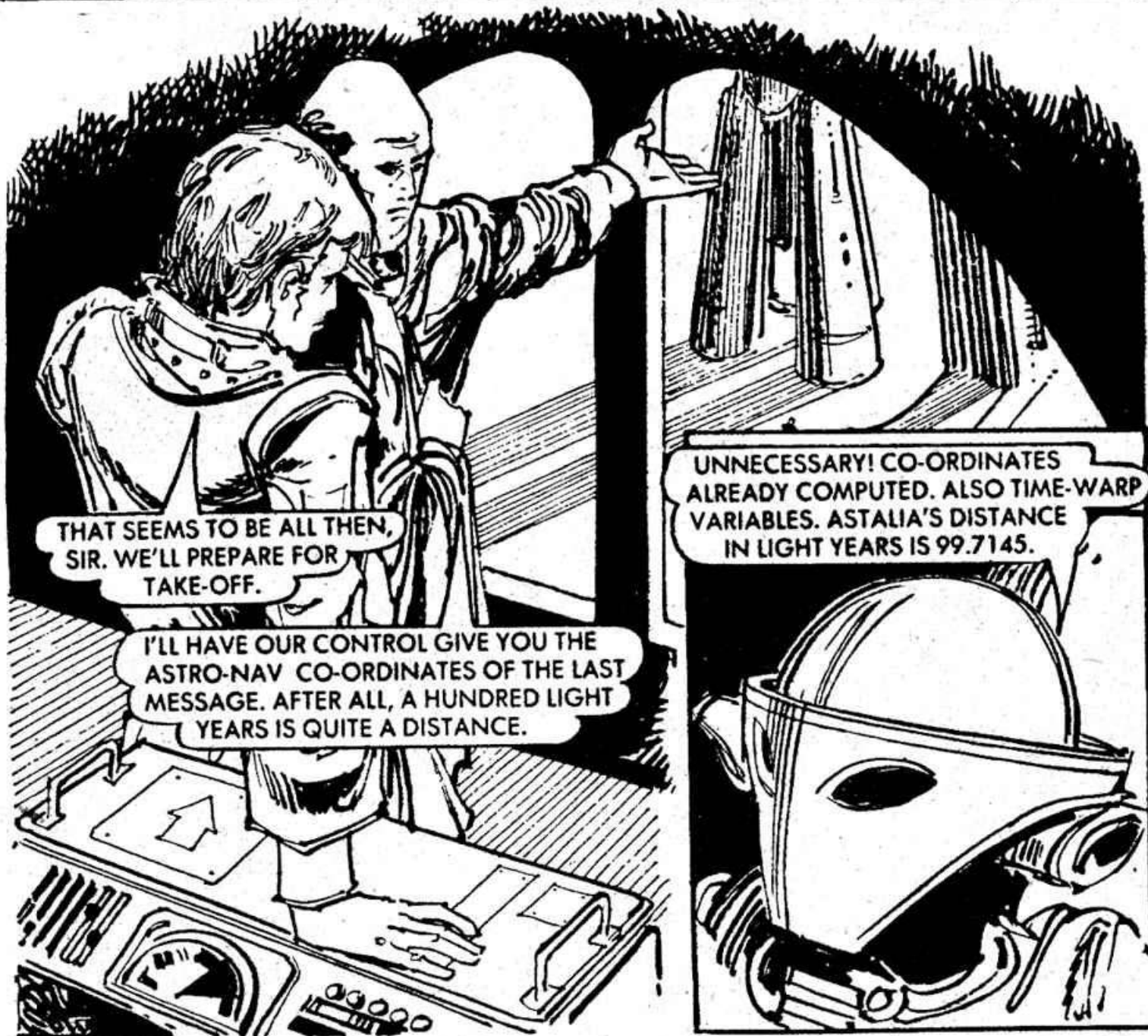
... AND ALL HOGAN'S RADIO MESSAGES WERE NORMAL?

QUITE NORMAL. I HAVE THE TAPES HERE. I'LL PUT THEM ABOARD YOUR SHIP AND YOU CAN PLAY THEM DURING FLIGHT.



WHAT SORT OF MAN IS HOGAN?

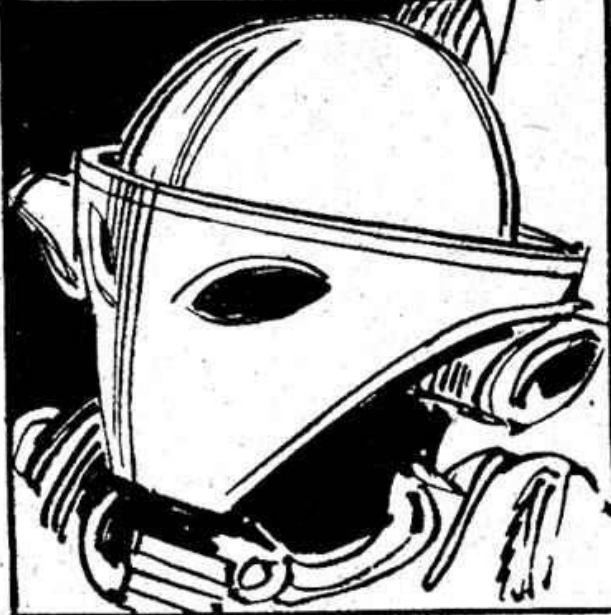
A TOUGH, RELIABLE MAN. THE CAPTAIN OF A MINING EXPLORATION CRAFT NEEDS TO BE HARD, AND HOGAN'S SERVED US WELL IN THE PAST.



THAT SEEMS TO BE ALL THEN, SIR. WE'LL PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF.

I'LL HAVE OUR CONTROL GIVE YOU THE ASTRO-NAV CO-ORDINATES OF THE LAST MESSAGE. AFTER ALL, A HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS IS QUITE A DISTANCE.

UNNECESSARY! CO-ORDINATES ALREADY COMPUTED. ALSO TIME-WARP VARIABLES. ASTALIA'S DISTANCE IN LIGHT YEARS IS 99.7145.







TAKE-OFF COMPLETED! SWITCHING  
TO TIME-WARP IN FIVE SECONDS—  
FOUR—THREE—TWO—ONE—NOW!

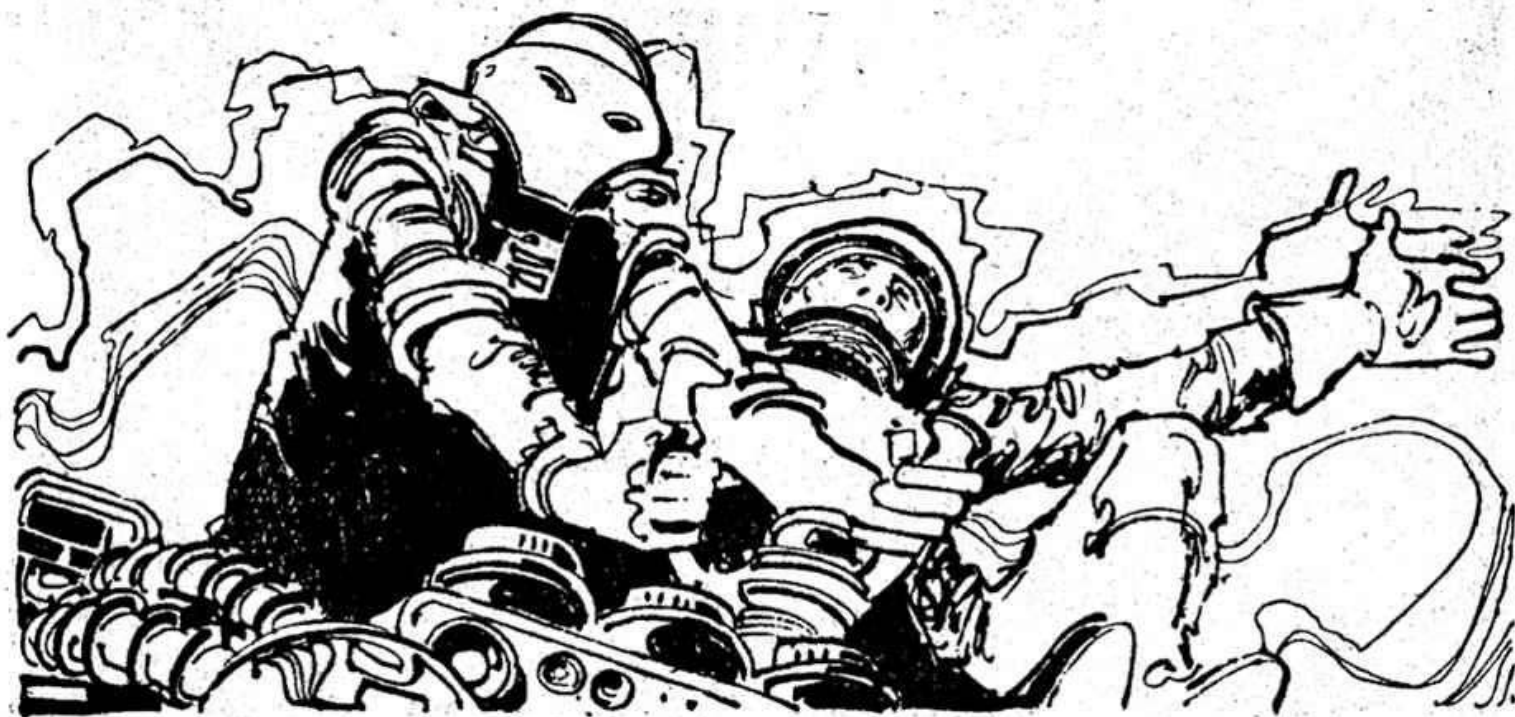
SPACECRAFT "RETRIBUTION"  
WARPED INTO DEEP SPACE.







WITH LANCER PINNED TO HIS SEAT  
BY THE G-FORCE, ASTRO FOUGHT TO  
REGAIN CONTROL . . .



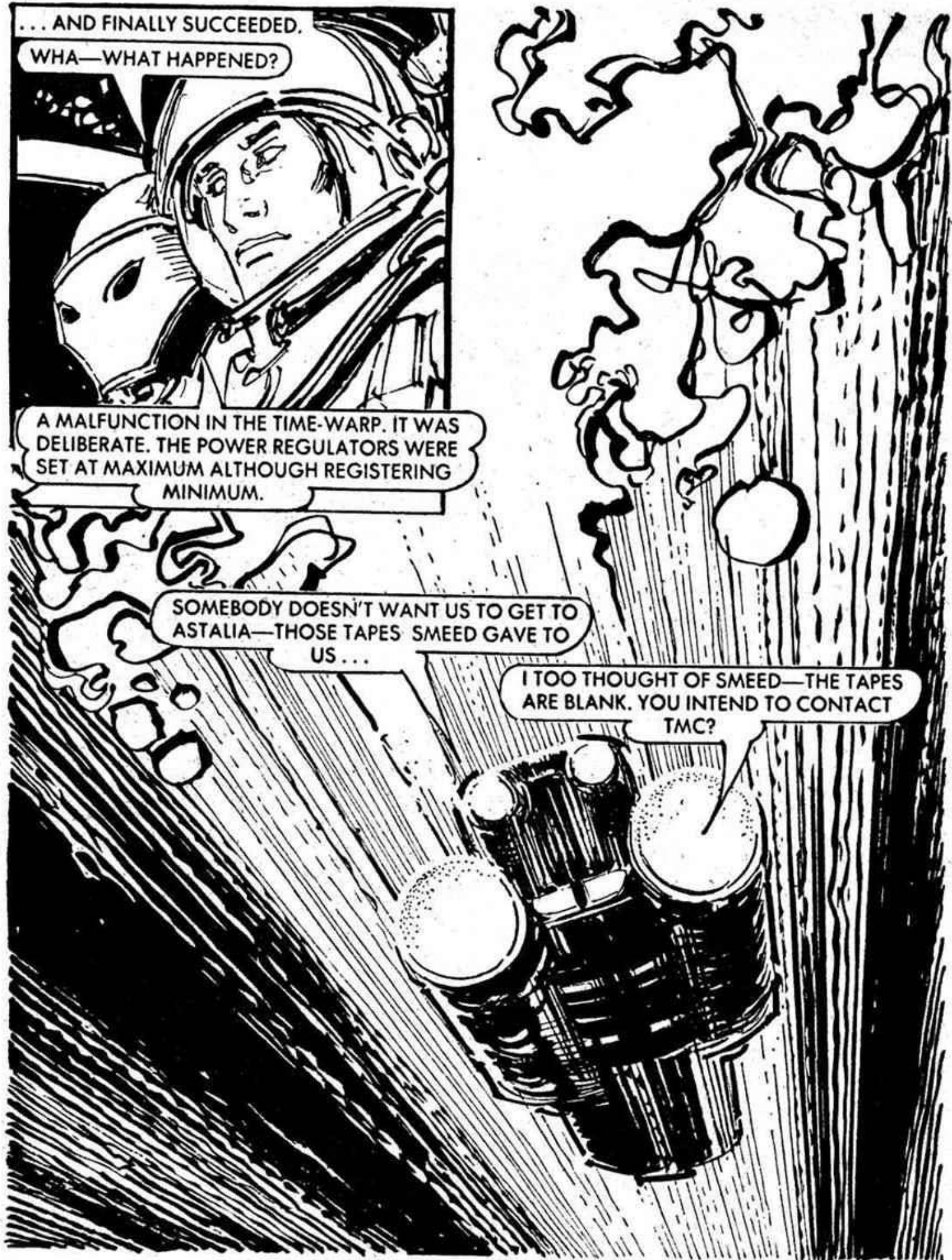
... AND FINALLY SUCCEEDED.

WHA—WHAT HAPPENED?

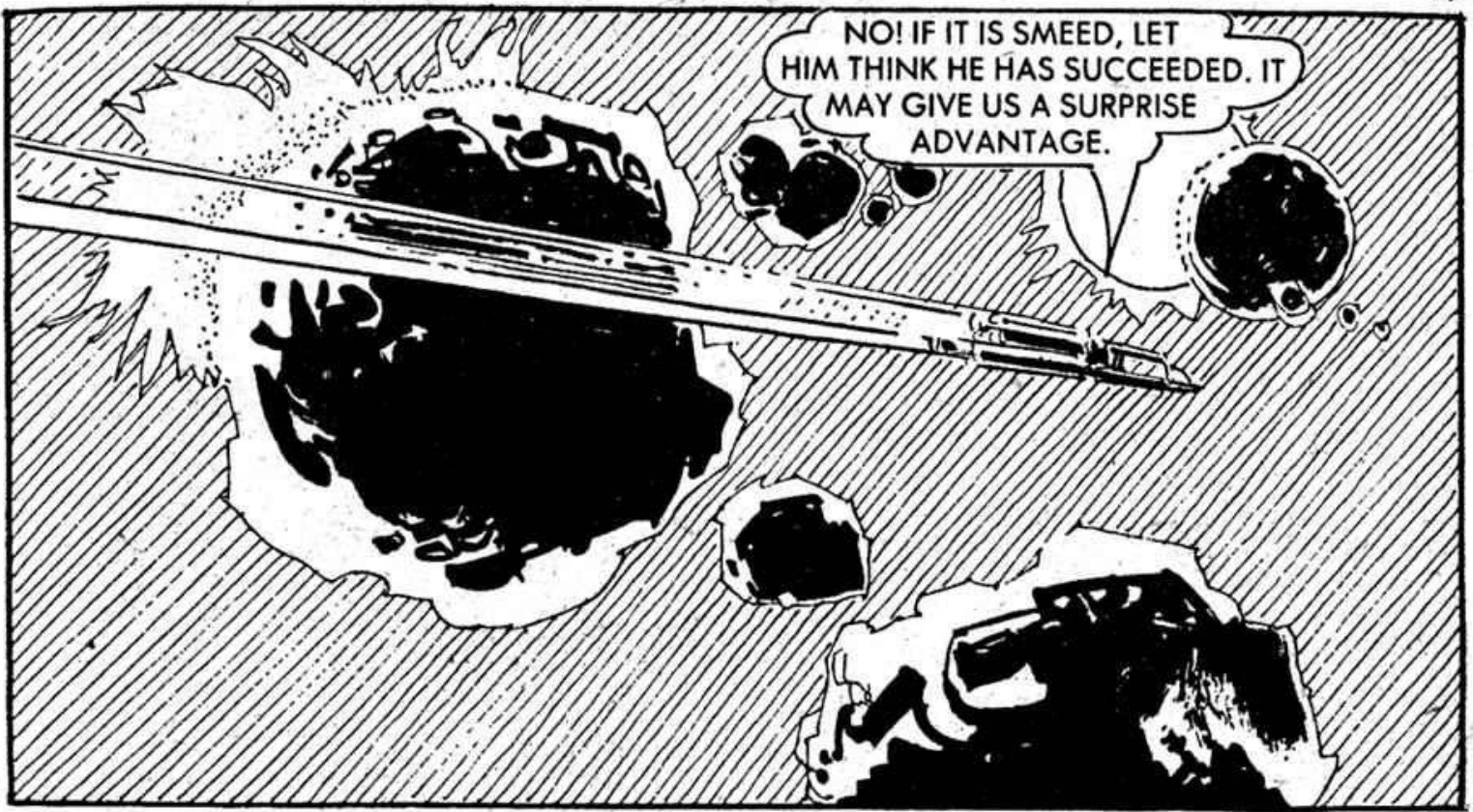
A MALFUNCTION IN THE TIME-WARP. IT WAS DELIBERATE. THE POWER REGULATORS WERE SET AT MAXIMUM ALTHOUGH REGISTERING MINIMUM.

SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT US TO GET TO ASTALIA—THOSE TAPES SMEED GAVE TO US ...

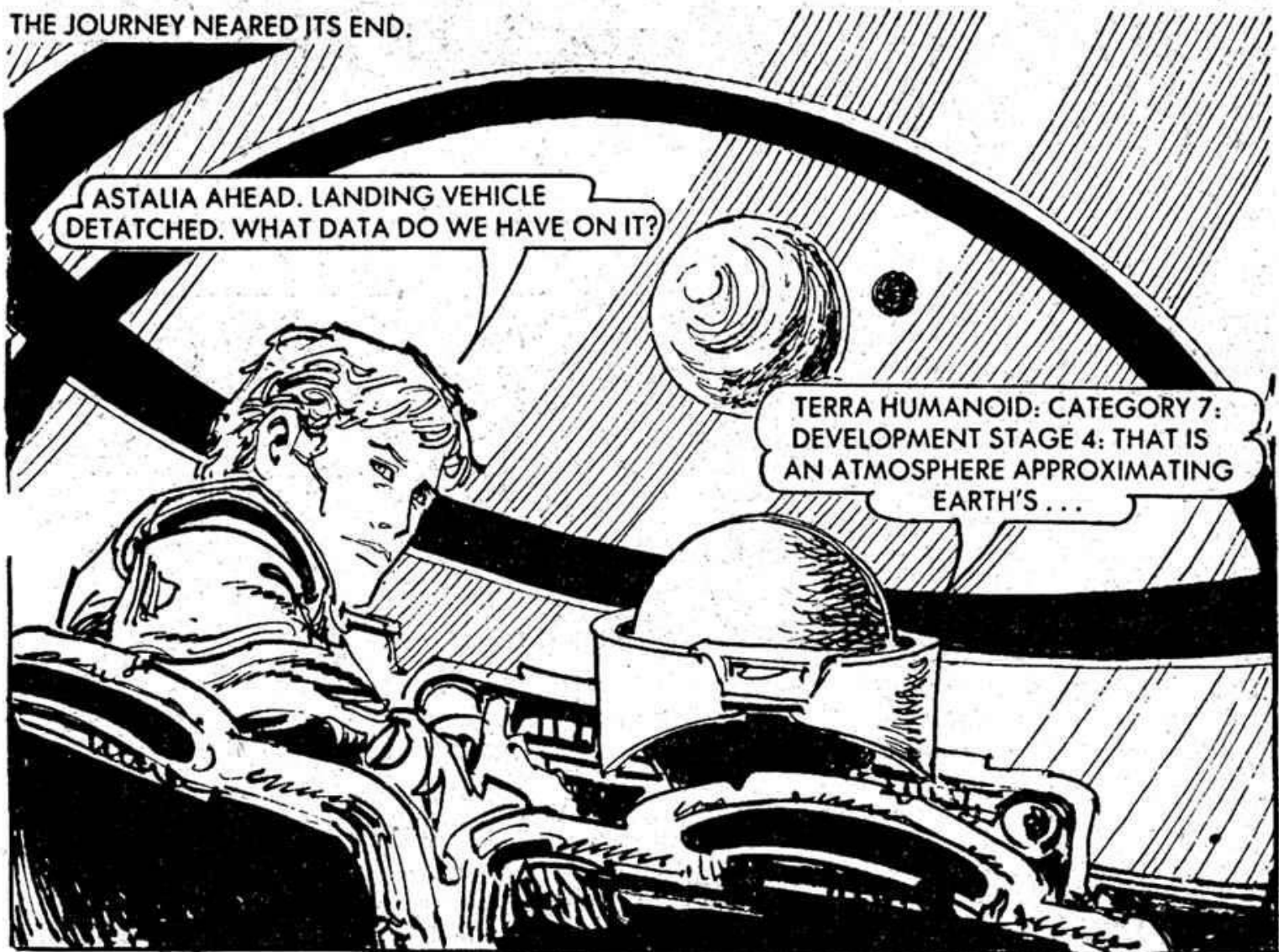
I TOO THOUGHT OF SMEED—THE TAPES ARE BLANK. YOU INTEND TO CONTACT TMC?



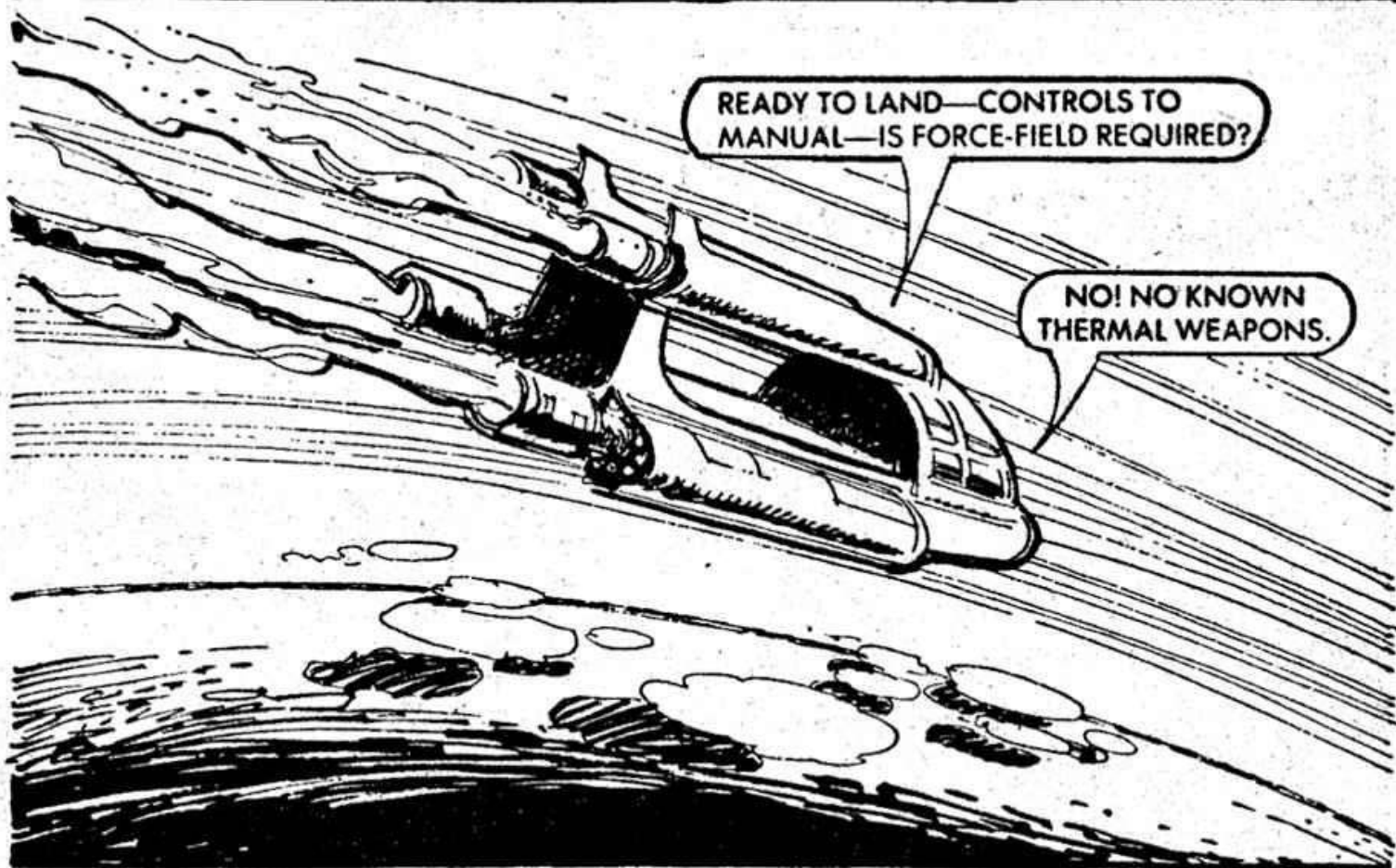
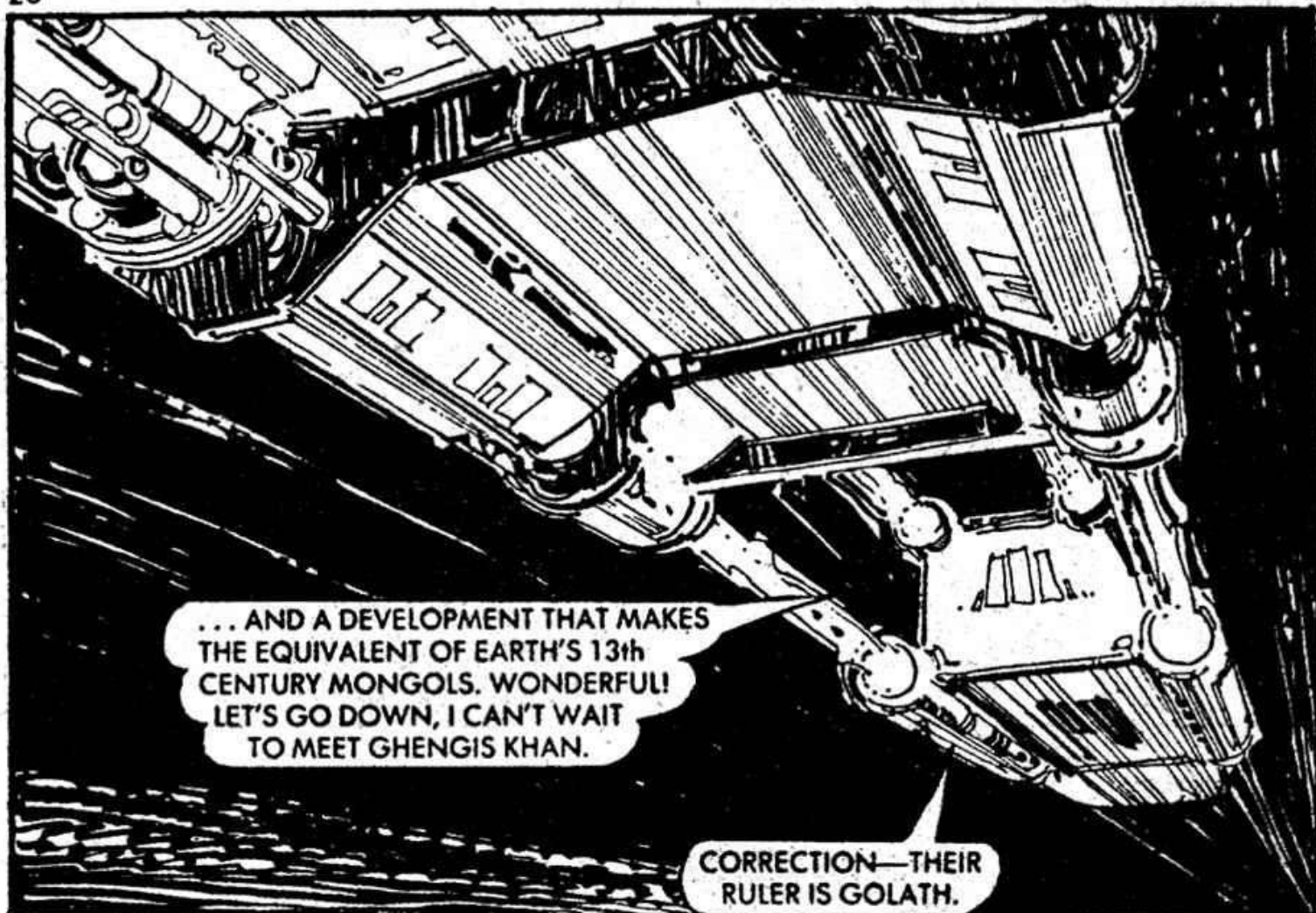




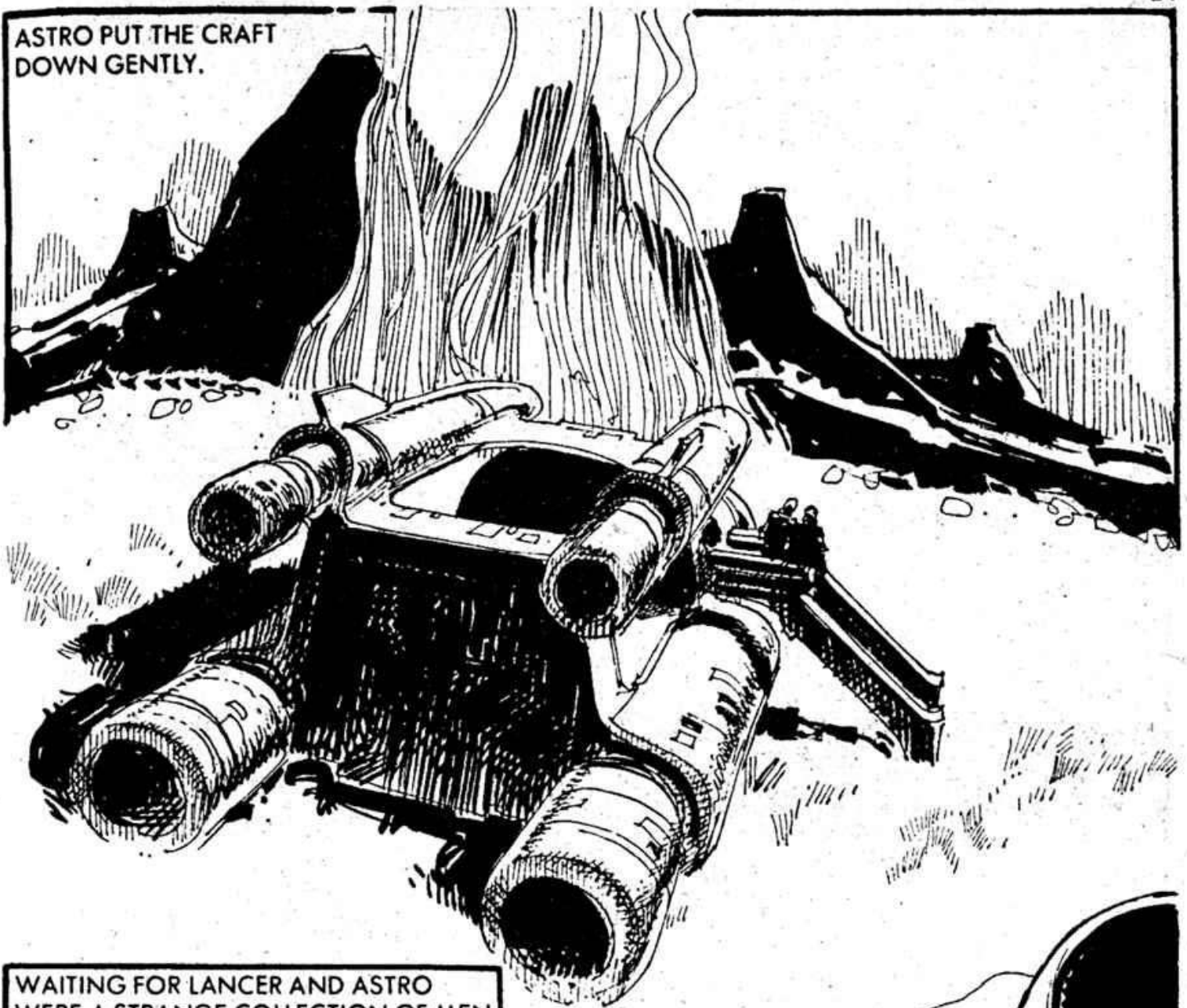
THE JOURNEY NEARED ITS END.







ASTRO PUT THE CRAFT  
DOWN GENTLY.



WAITING FOR LANCER AND ASTRO  
WERE A STRANGE COLLECTION OF MEN.



YOU MUST  
BE HOGAN.

TAKE HIM PRISONER! DISCONNECT THE  
POWER PACK ON THAT ANDROID AND  
THROW HIM BACK IN THE SHIP.

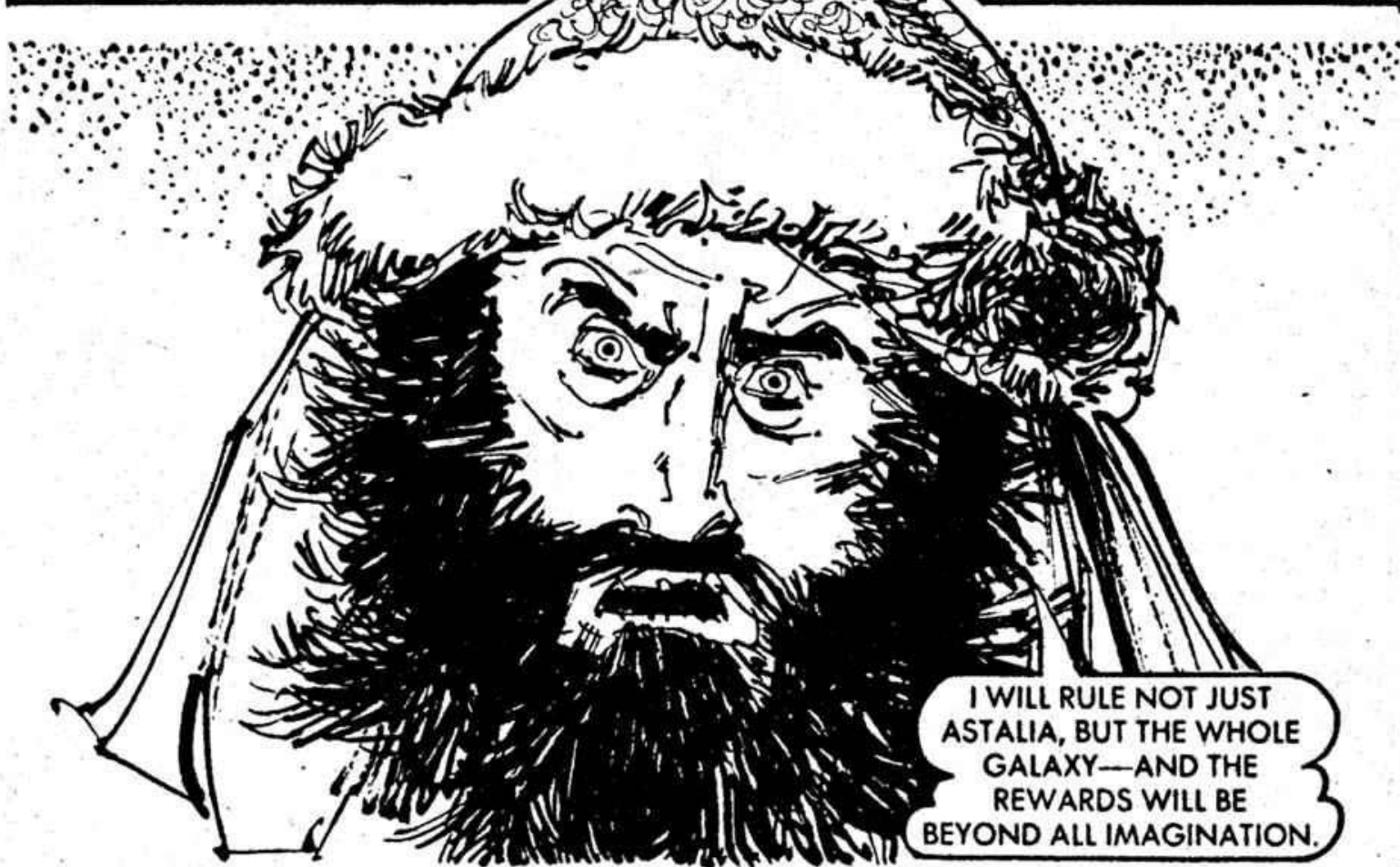


LANCER WAS HUSTLED  
TO GOLATH'S CITY.

JUST IN CASE SMEED FAILED, WE  
MONITORED YOU ON OUR SCANNER.



YOU SEE LAWLORD, EARTH'S TECHNOLOGY  
IS FAR IN ADVANCE OF OURS—SO, WITH THE  
HELP OF HOGAN AND HIS SCI-TECHS...



I WILL RULE NOT JUST  
ASTALIA, BUT THE WHOLE  
GALAXY—AND THE  
REWARDS WILL BE  
BEYOND ALL IMAGINATION.





GOLATH LASHED OUT AT LANCER.









NEXT MORNING.





LAZY DOG—HEAVE!

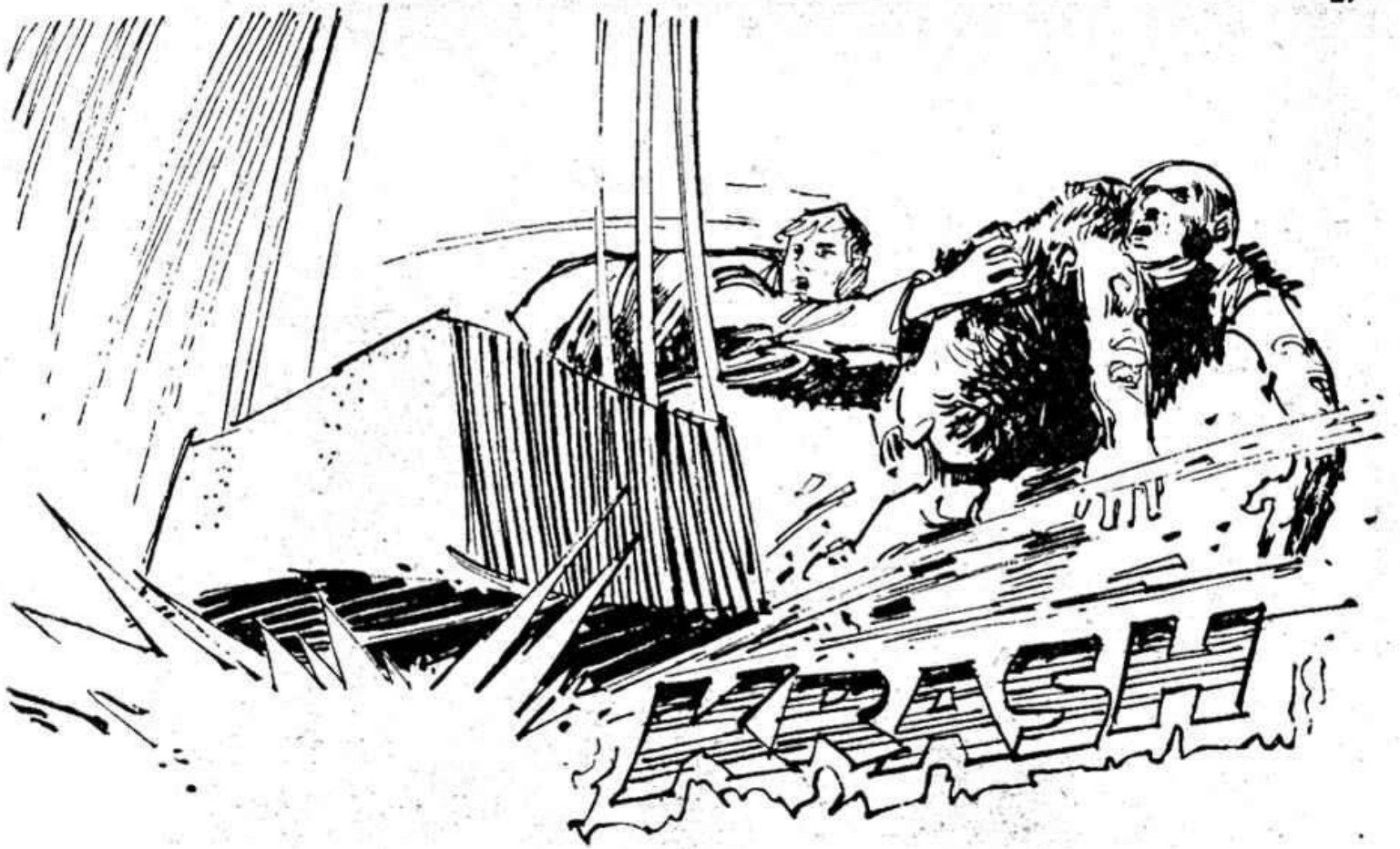


IT'S FALLING!



LOOK OUT!









BEFORE DAWN NEXT DAY ...





MORDRON SIMPLY LIFTED  
THE DOOR CLEAR OF ITS  
FRAME.

BY THE MOONS OF SATURN! WHAT STRENGTH.



THAT WAY! ACROSS THE ARENA AND  
THROUGH THE GATE. HURRY! THE SUN  
RISES.







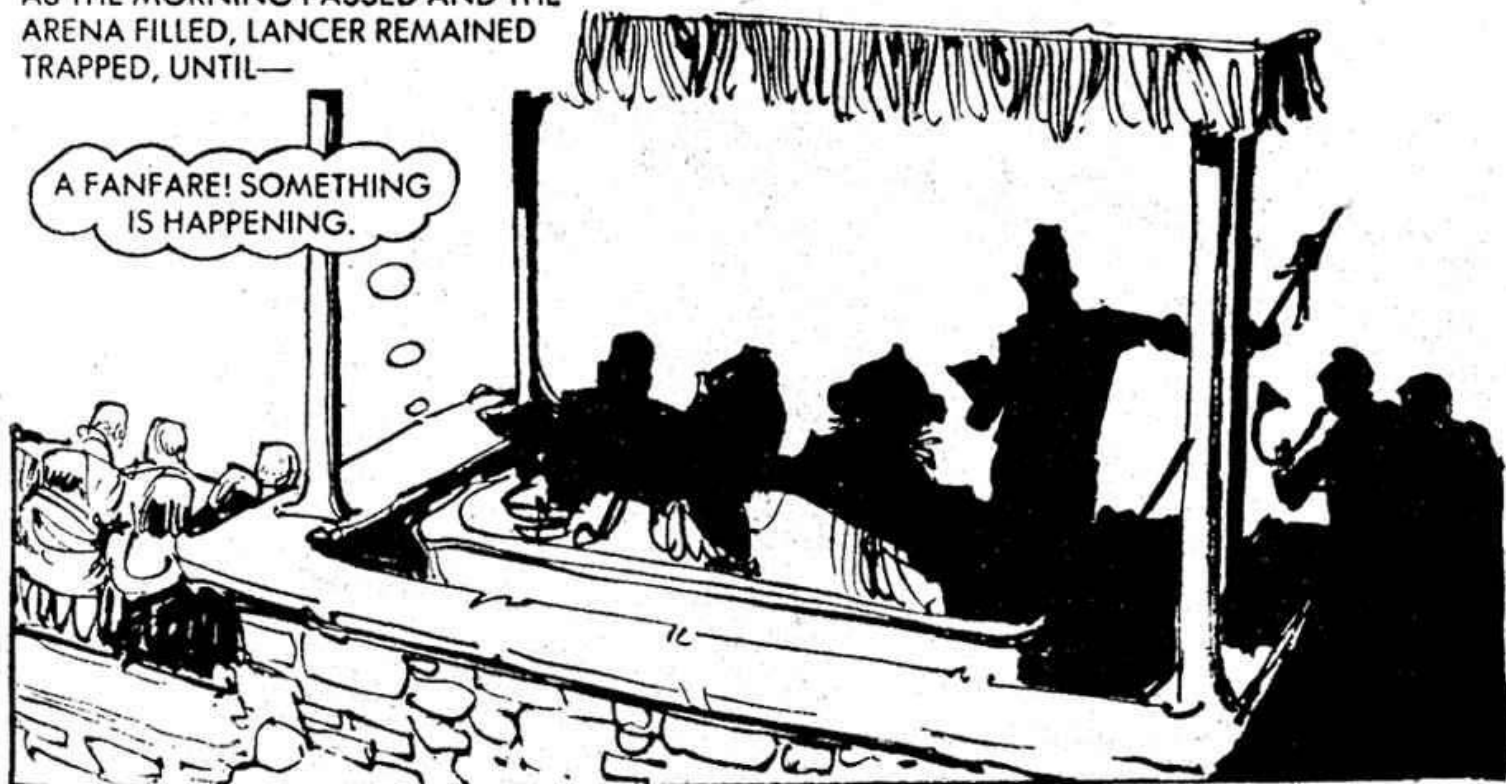
MEANWHILE—

THE LAWLORD HAS GONE! THIS LOW  
BEING HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE.

DOG! FOR THAT YOU DIE—TODAY  
YOU FIGHT IN THE ARENA.

AS THE MORNING PASSED AND THE  
ARENA FILLED, LANCER REMAINED  
TRAPPED, UNTIL—

A FANFARE! SOMETHING  
IS HAPPENING.



FOR AIDING THE ESCAPE OF A  
PRISONER, MORDRON WILL TAKE THE  
ARENA.



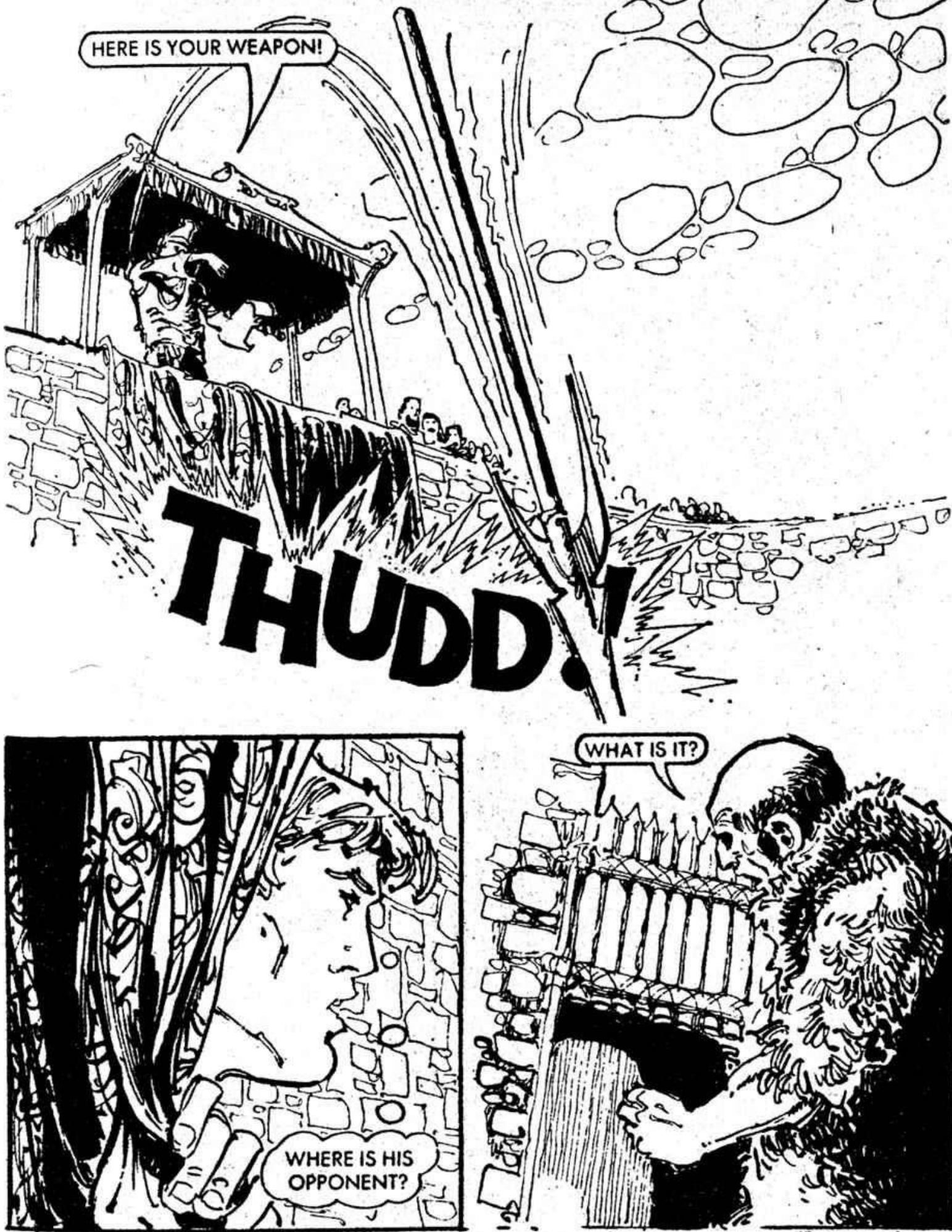


HERE IS YOUR WEAPON!

**THUDD!**

WHERE IS HIS  
OPPONENT?

WHAT IS IT?







MORDRON  
SNATCHED UP  
THE SPEAR.




BUT IN HIS HASTE HE STUMBLED.



THE BEAST IS CLOSING IN FOR  
THE KILL.



BUT IT WASN'T THE BEAST  
THAT WAS KILLED.



MORDRON IS NO FOOL  
... DIE BEAST.



TAKE HIM!




MORDRON DIDN'T SEE THE  
CHARIOT . . . BUT LANCER  
DID.



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, LANCER GRABBED HOLD OF  
THE CHARIOT.

HAVING THROWN THE CHARIOTEER OUT, HE TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO MORDRON.

MORDRON! JUMP ON!



NO ONE FOLLOWS.



THEY'VE BEEN CAUGHT OFF GUARD! BUT THEY KNOW WE'LL HEAD FOR MY SPACESHIP.





THERE YOU ARE,  
GOOD AS NEW.

WHICH IS A PITY,  
BECAUSE HE'S NOT  
GOING ANYWHERE.









YOU'RE WRONG! THE ARGUS IS AN INTERSTELLAR MINING SHIP. ON BOARD IS A 'SLAMMER'—A NUCLEAR-POWERED THERMIC DRILL WE CAN ADJUST IT SO THAT ITS BEAM IS WIDE ENOUGH TO SPAN A CITY—WITHOUT LOSING ANY POWER.

HOGAN, IT'S NOT WORTH IT. NO MATTER WHAT WEALTH GOLATH OFFERS YOU.

GOLATH! HA! HA! I'M THE ONE WHO'LL BE RULING THIS GALAXY. WHEN GOLATH HAS SERVED HIS TURN—HE'S DEAD!







LANCER SHOWED MORDRON THE DANGER BY THROWING OUT A COUPLE OF CHARTS WHICH WERE IMMEDIATELY BLASTED BY THE LASERS.

SEE! YOU HAVE NO CHANCE.

# VAROOM

WE ARE TRAPPED. THERE IS NO WAY OUT.

FIRE

NOT SO, MY METAL FRIEND. THERE IS SOMETHING HOGAN HAS OVERLOOKED.



HE MADE A DESPERATE LEAP FOR THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER WHILE THE LASERS BLASTED THE CHARTS.



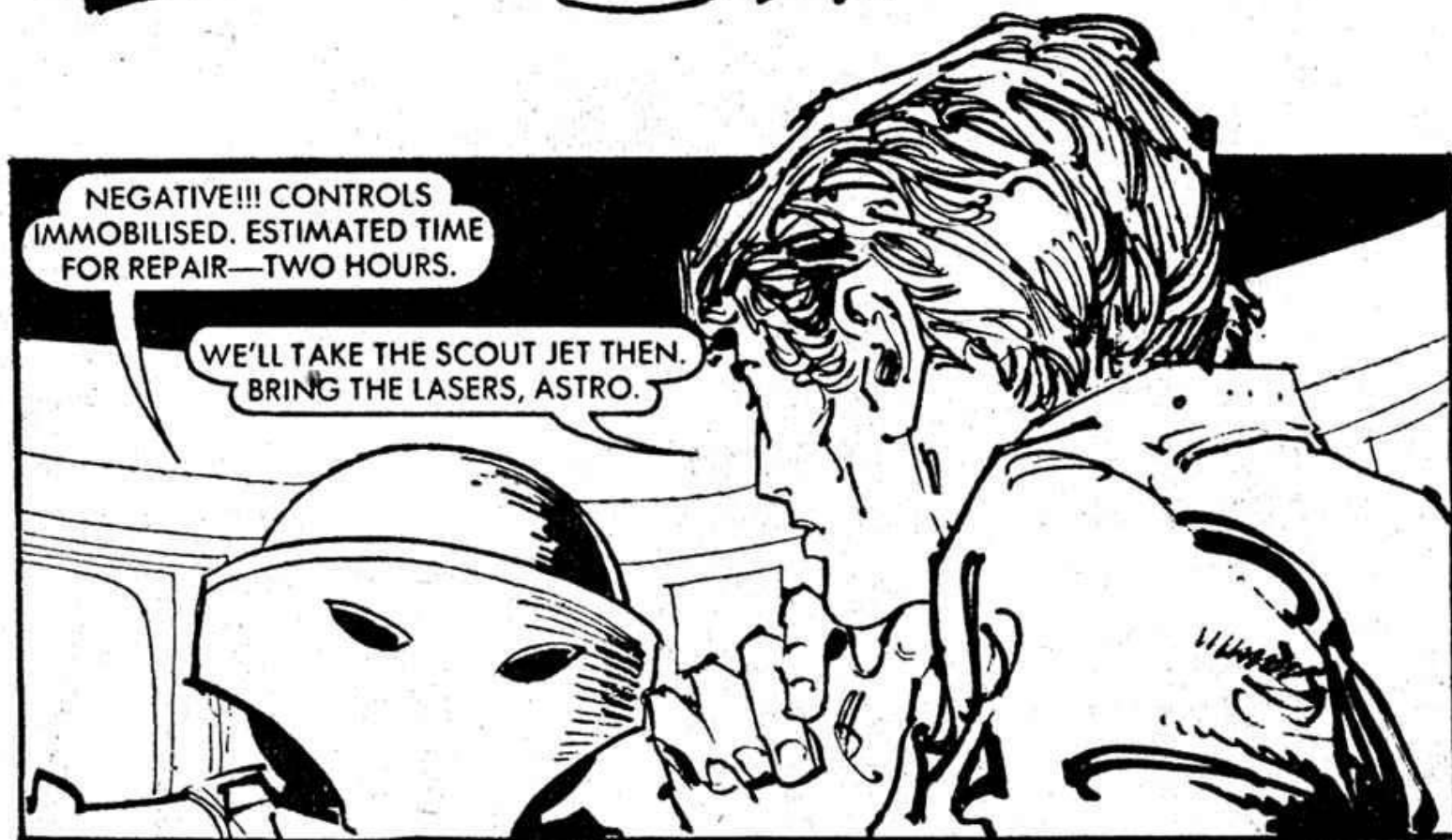






ARGUS IS AT POSITION  
21052/3107.

SWITCH ON POWER.  
PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF.

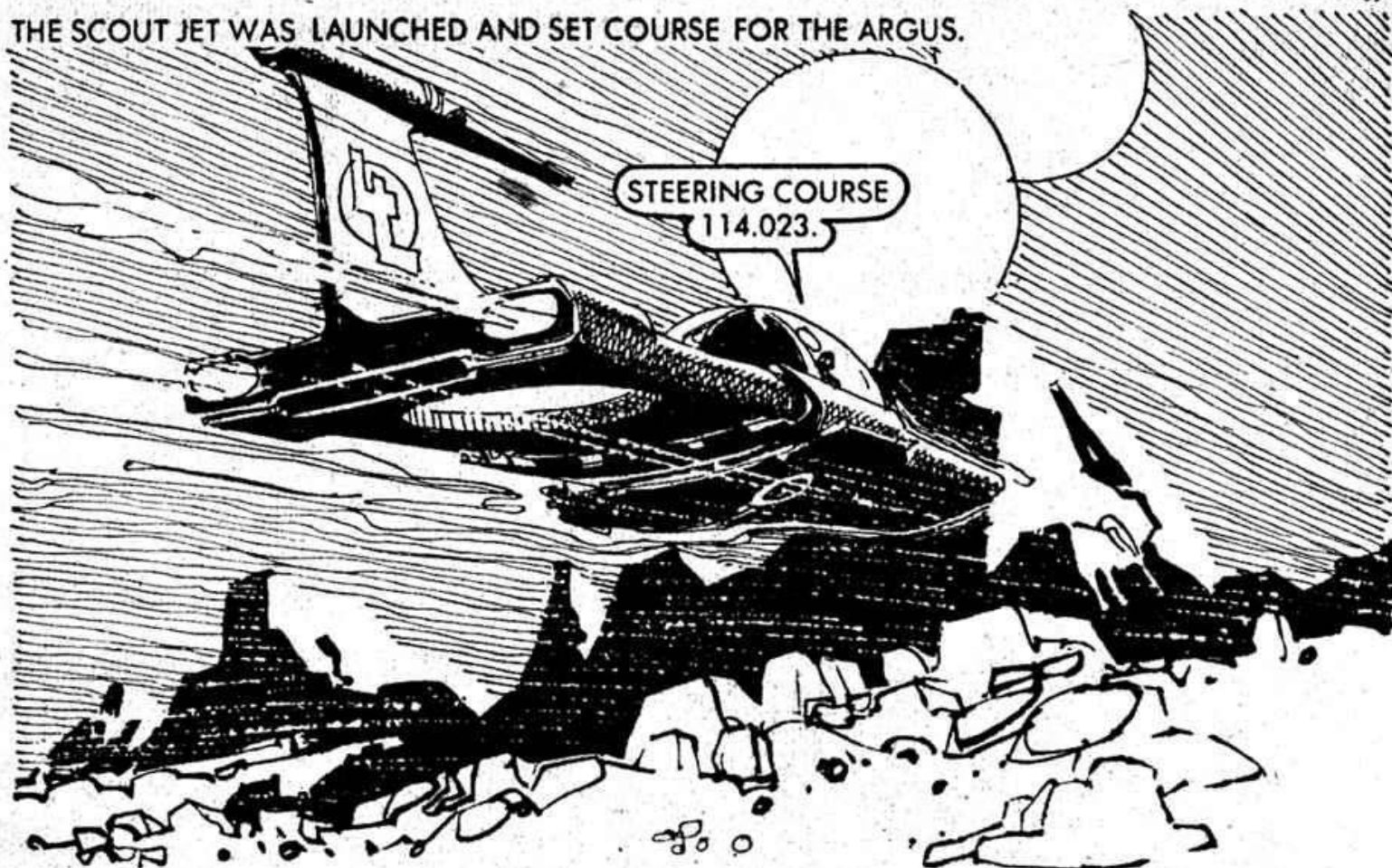


NEGATIVE!!! CONTROLS  
IMMOBILISED. ESTIMATED TIME  
FOR REPAIR—TWO HOURS.

WE'LL TAKE THE SCOUT JET THEN.  
BRING THE LASERS, ASTRO.



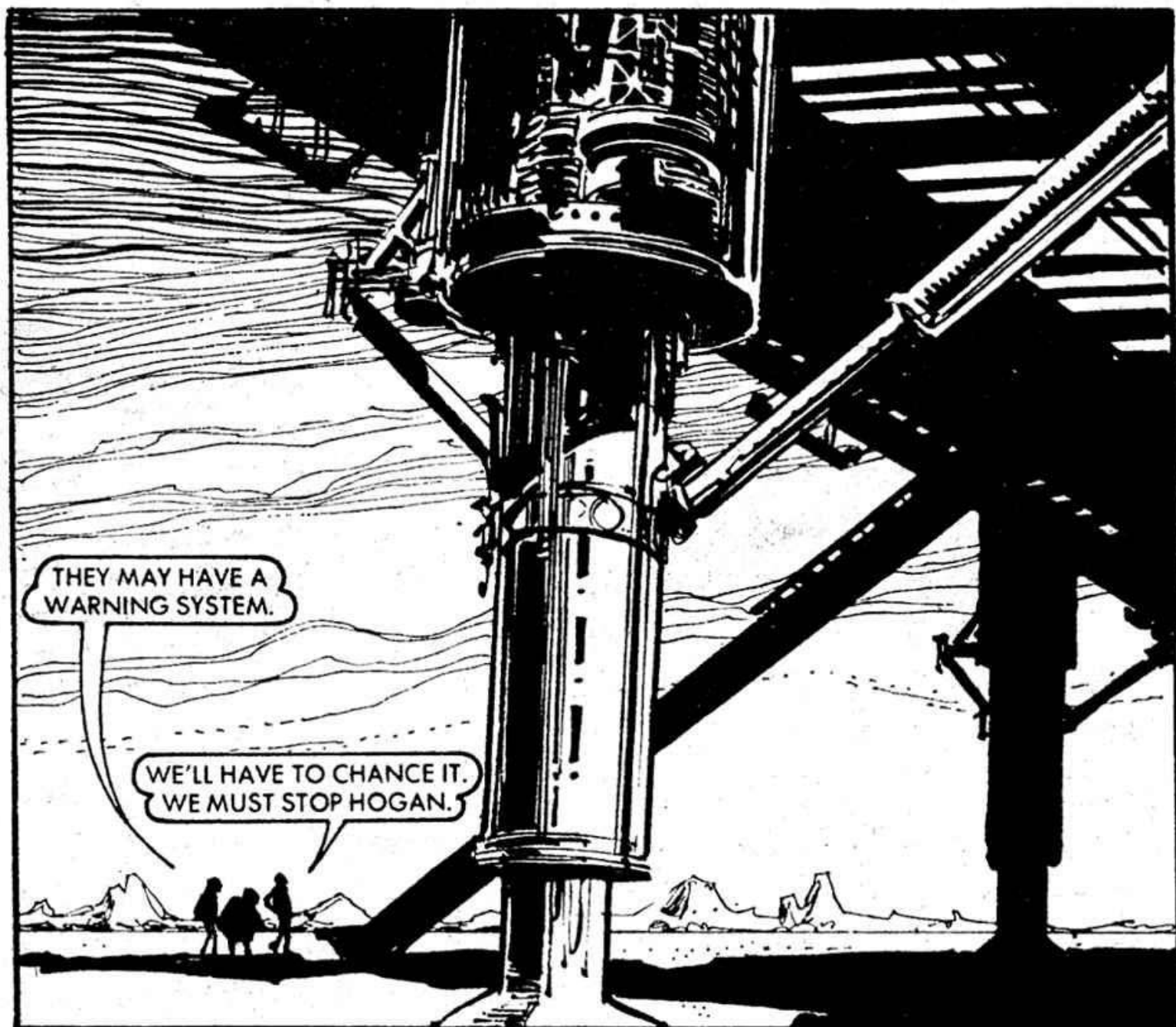
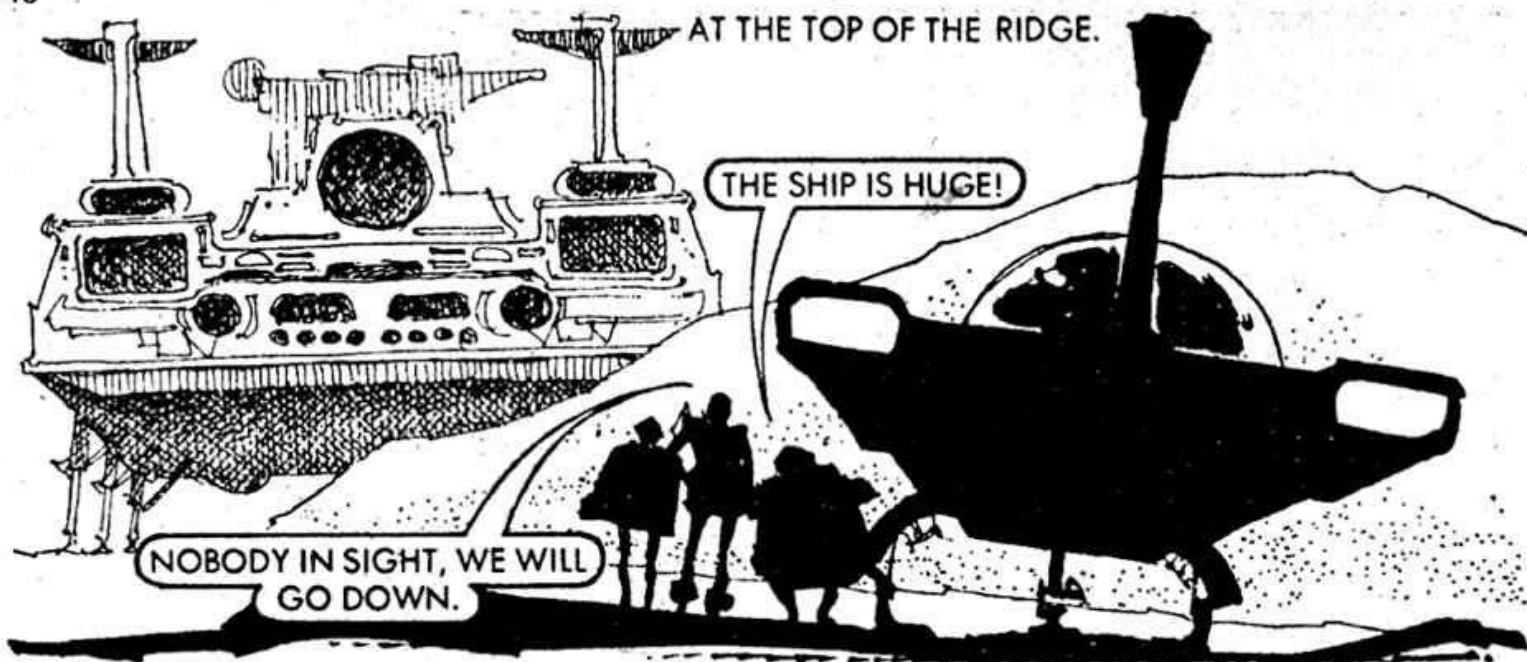
THE SCOUT JET WAS LAUNCHED AND SET COURSE FOR THE ARGUS.



ARGUS IS BEYOND THAT  
RIDGE.

WE'LL LAND THIS SIDE  
OF THE RIDGE AND  
APPROACH ON FOOT.

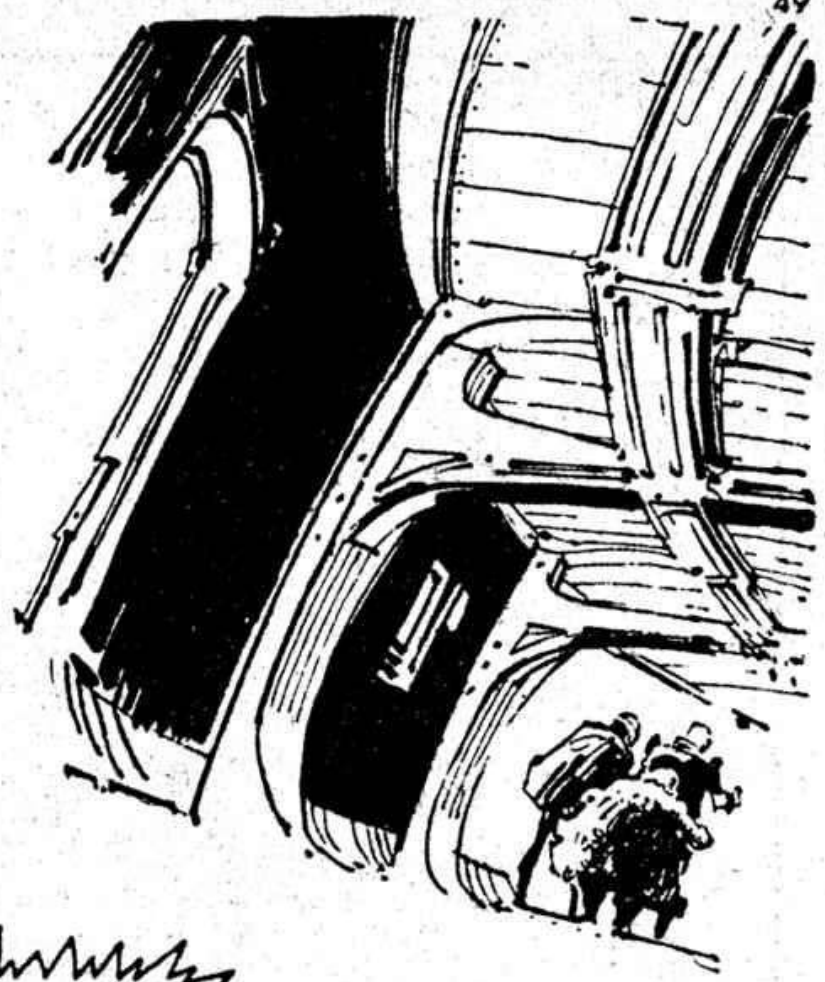




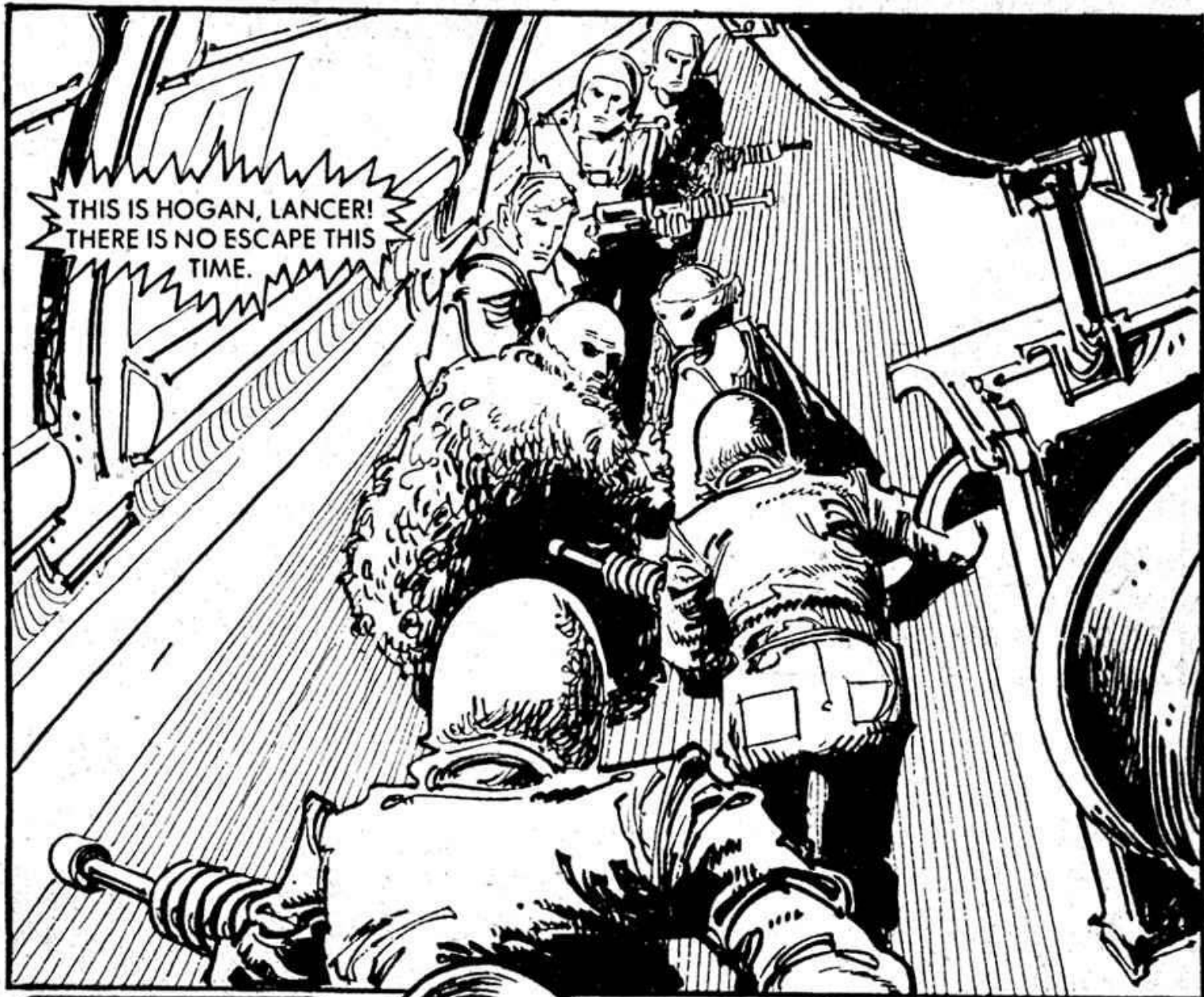




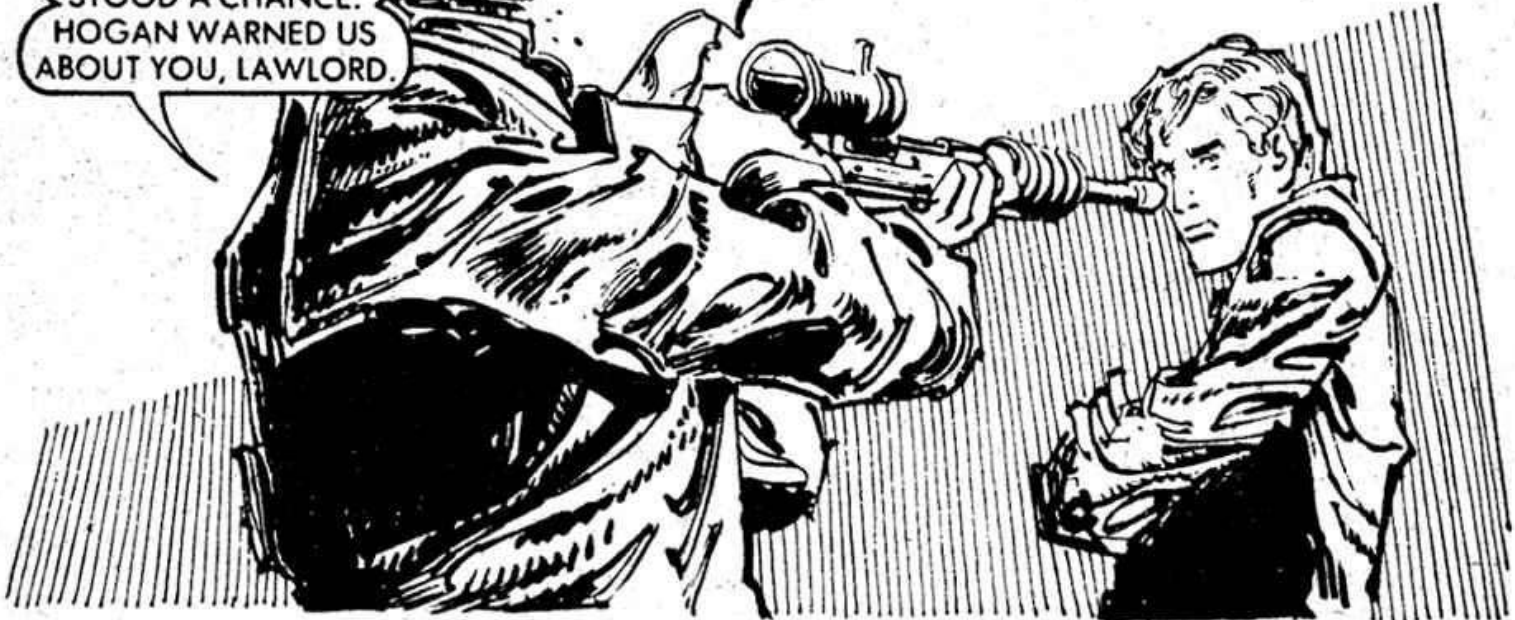
IT'S TOO QUIET IN  
HERE. I SMELL A TRAP.



QUITE RIGHT, LANCER.

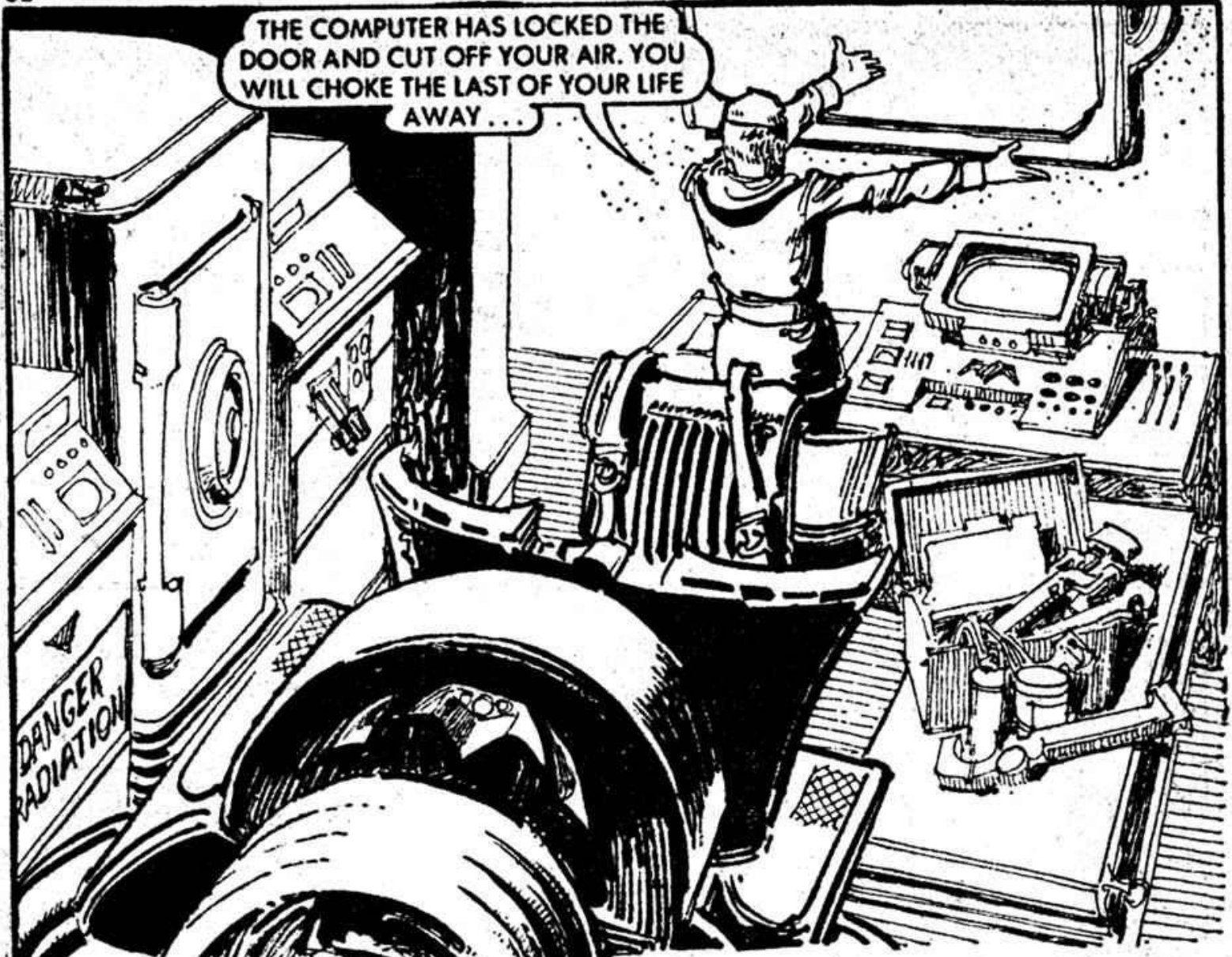


YOU'VE BEEN ON SCAN  
SINCE YOU CAME ON  
BOARD. YOU NEVER  
STOOD A CHANCE.  
HOGAN WARNED US  
ABOUT YOU, LAWLORD.










THE COMPUTER HAS LOCKED THE DOOR AND CUT OFF YOUR AIR. YOU WILL CHOKE THE LAST OF YOUR LIFE AWAY ...



WHILE YOU DIE, YOU CAN WATCH ME USE THE WEAPON THAT WILL MAKE ME LORD OF THE GALAXY.





BUT LANCER WAS ALREADY  
SEEKING A SOLUTION.




THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY  
OF STOPPING HIM.



THIS VIDEO-SCREEN MUST BE  
CONTROLLED BY THE  
COMPUTER. IT HAS ITS  
OWN PROGRAMME  
CONTROLS.




ONLY TO FEED IN NEW  
PROGRAMMES. EXISTING  
PROGRAMMES CAN ONLY BE  
CANCELLED ON THE MASTER  
CONSOLE.




IF WE OVERLOAD IT WITH PROGRAMMES IT WOULD USE ALL ITS MEMORY BANKS AND EVENTUALLY THE COMPUTER WOULD CUT OUT ROUTINE OPERATIONS, SUCH AS THIS TWO-WAY VIDEO.

HOGAN THEN SEES THE VIDEO IS OFF. TO CORRECT IT HE MUST CANCEL ALL PROGRAMMES ON THE COMPUTER. AND FOR THOSE FEW SECONDS THE DOOR WOULD BE UNLOCKED...



THE COMPUTER HAS A HIGH CAPABILITY FACTOR. CAN WE FEED IN ENOUGH PROGRAMMING?



THAT DEPENDS ON HOW FAST YOU CAN GO. INSTRUCT IT TO CHECK THE SHIP, AND MEASURE THE DIMENSIONS OF EVERY NUT AND BOLT, TO CHECK EVERY INSTRUMENT.



DIRECT IT TO RUN TESTS ON EVERY  
WORKING PART, FEED IT EVERY  
MAINTENANCE CHECKLIST.

I UNDERSTAND.

AS MORDRON AND LANCER  
CHOKED FOR AIR.

THE AIR IS GETTING  
LOW AND THERE'S NO  
SIGN OF ... WAIT! THE  
LIGHTS ARE FLICKERING.

AAAAHH!

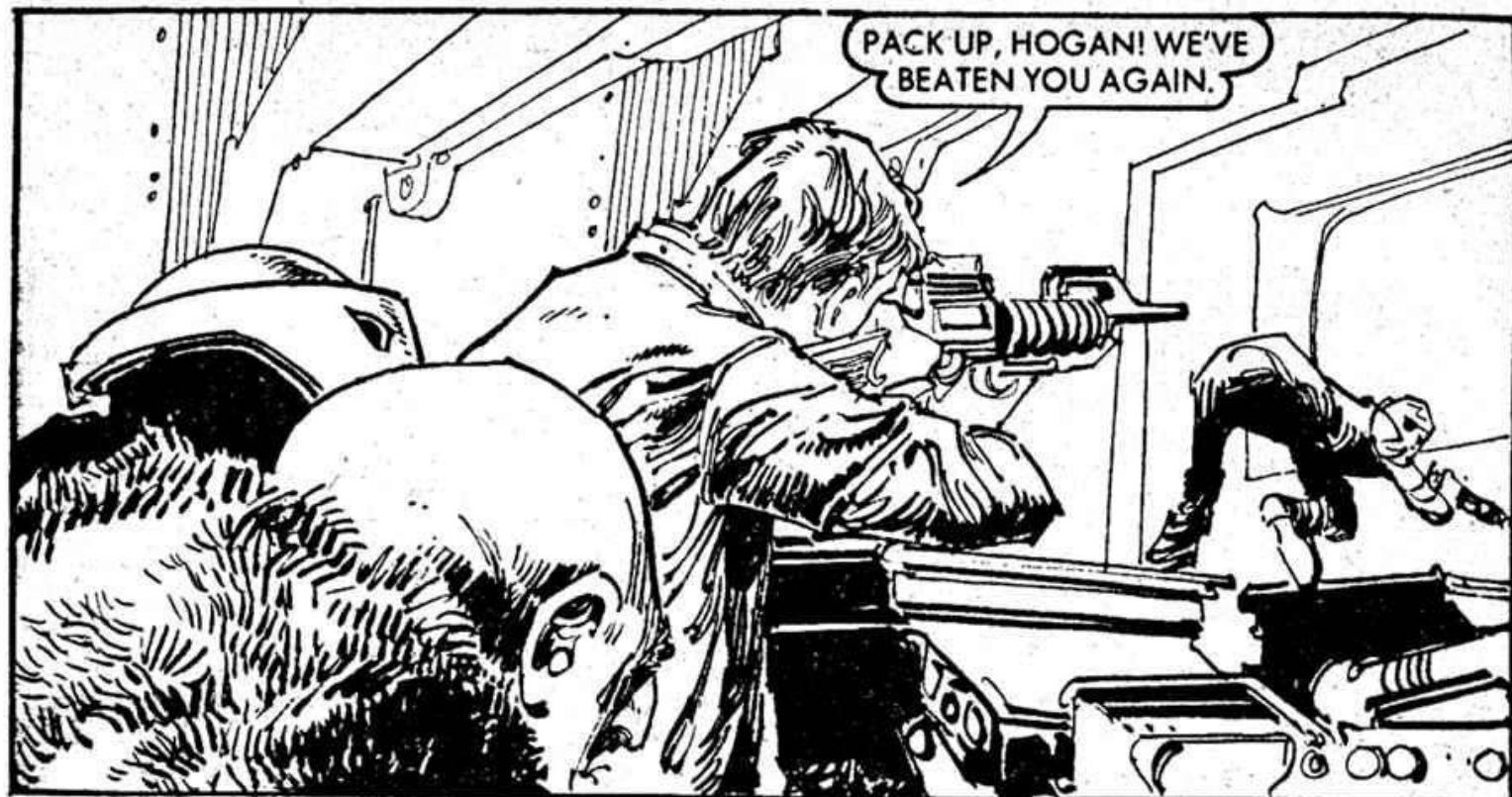


WITH THE LAST OF THEIR BREATH,  
MORDON AND LANCER  
LURCHED FOR THE DOOR.















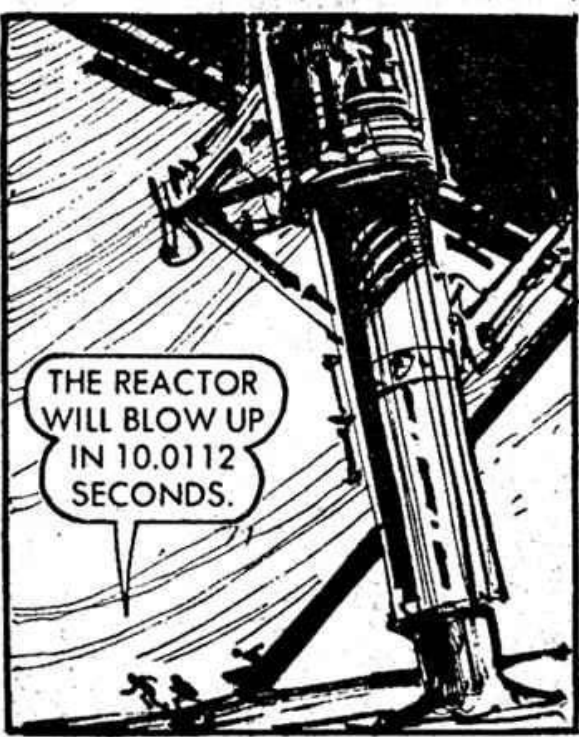
DANGER  
RADIATION

CORRECTION...  
GOODBYE, HOGAN.

THE REACTOR IS OVERLOADED. IT  
WILL BLOW UP IN 17.3 SECONDS.

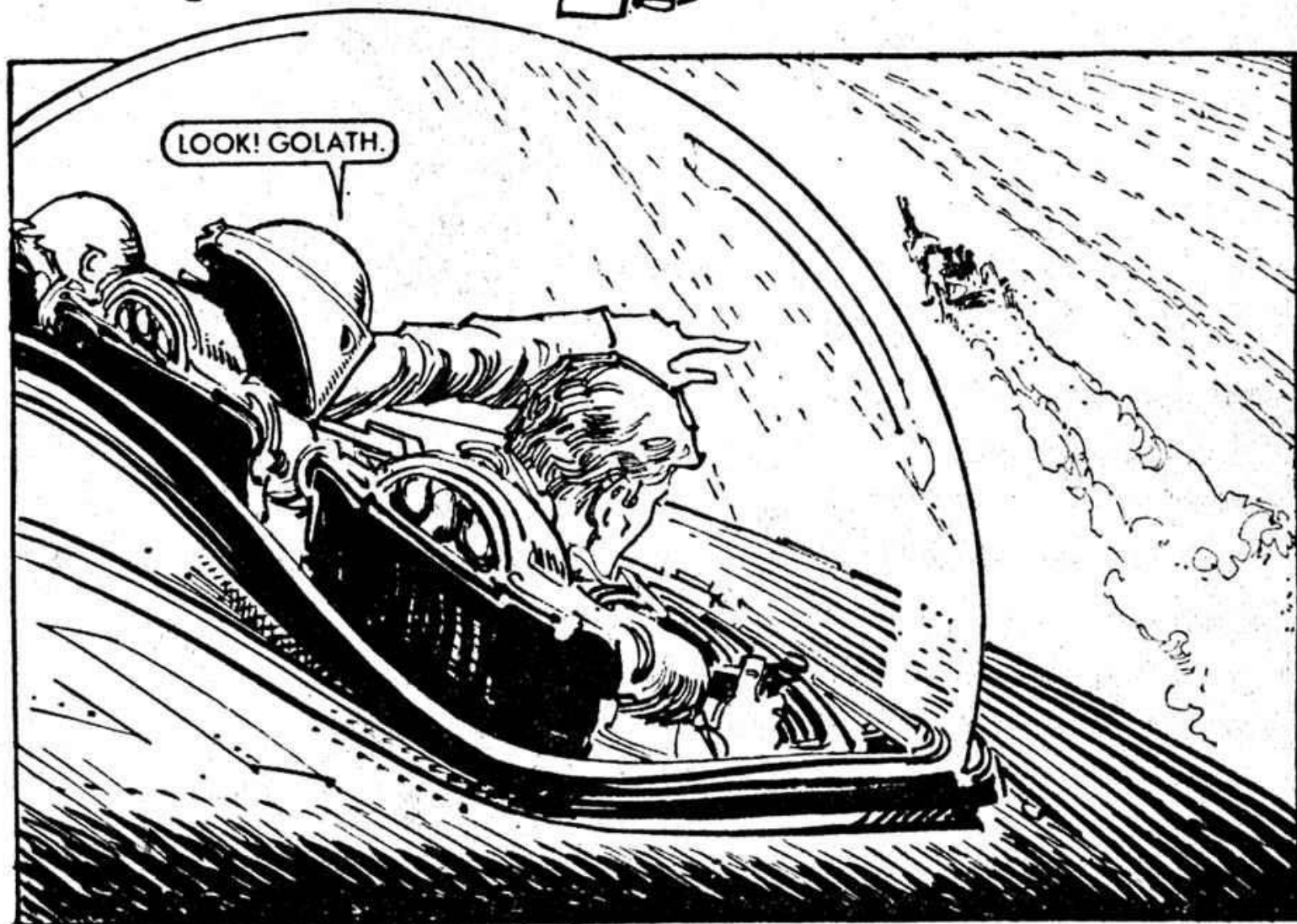
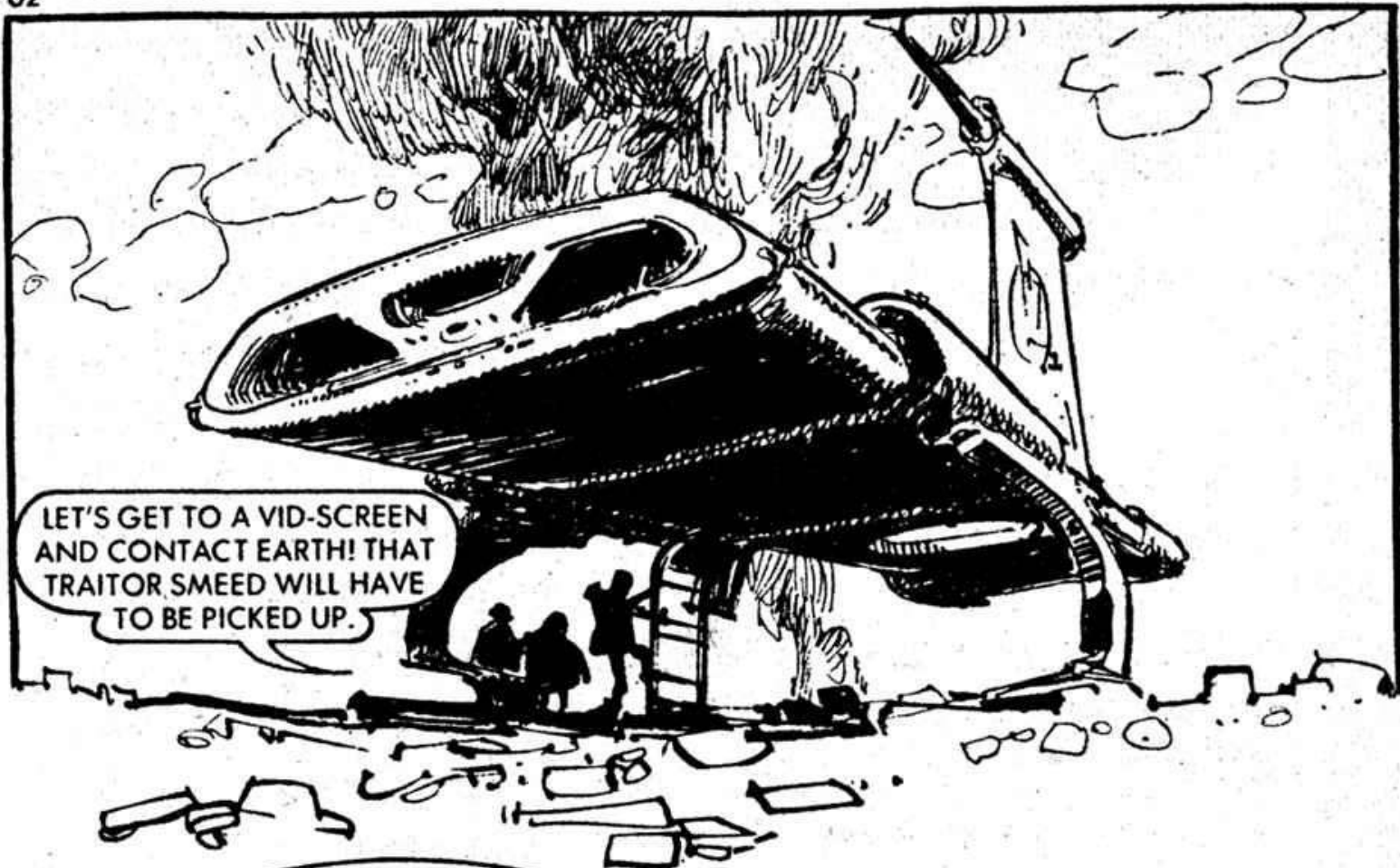
THIS WAY!





EXACTLY 10.0112 SECONDS LATER.







THEY LANDED BESIDE HIM.

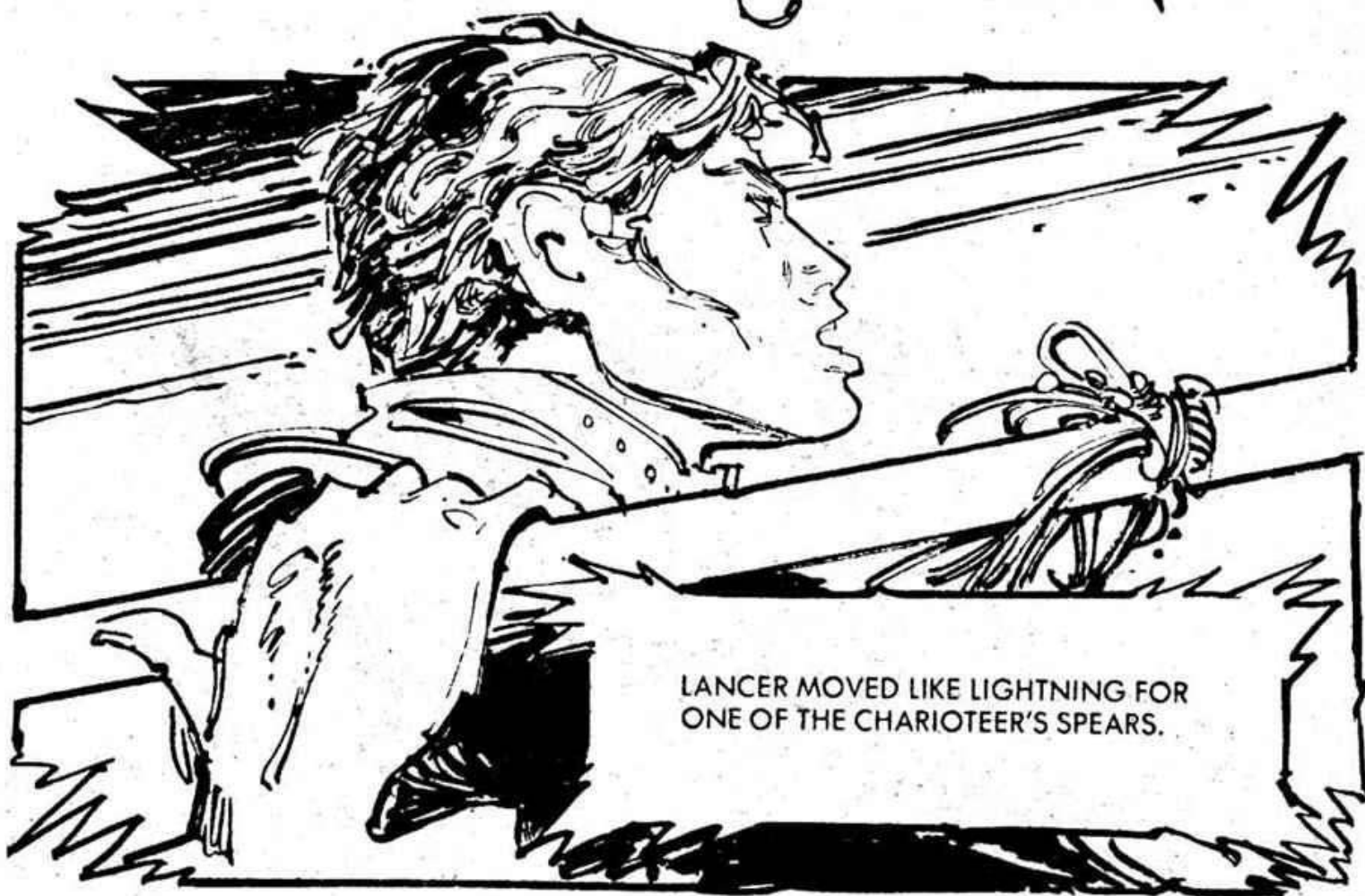


YES, GOLATH. IT IS A  
SIGN THAT YOUR QUEST  
FOR DOMINATION OF  
THE GALAXY HAS  
FAILED. HOGAN AND  
THE ARGUS ARE NO  
MORE.





MEDDLER—DIE!



LANCER MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING FOR ONE OF THE CHARIOTEER'S SPEARS.

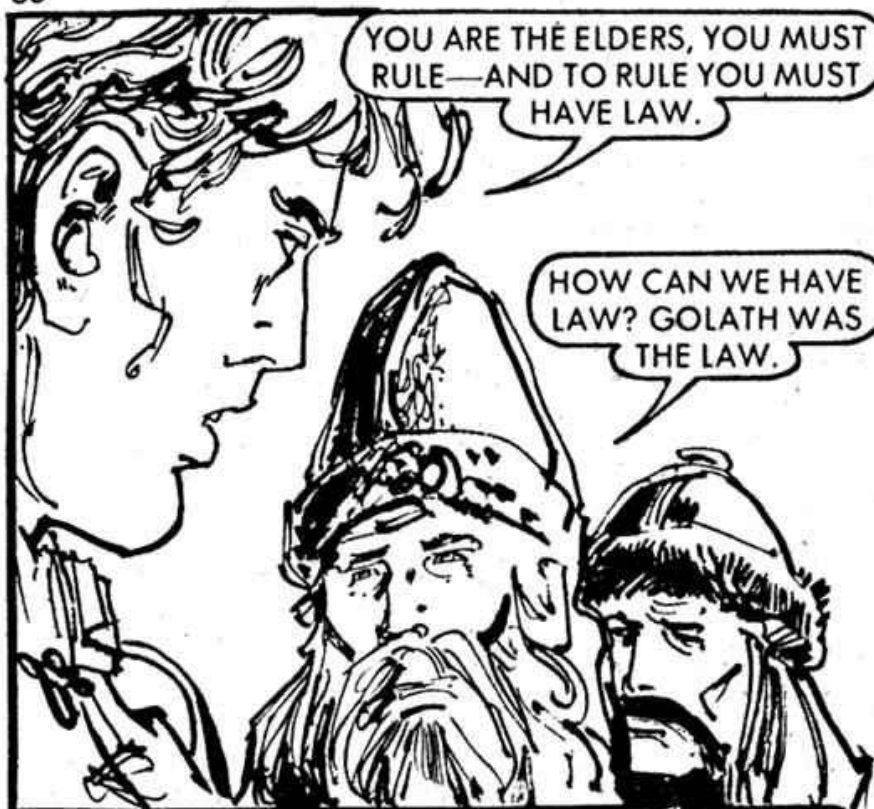


# AAARG!

THE TYRANT IS DEAD. YOU  
ARE NOW FREE ASTALIANS.

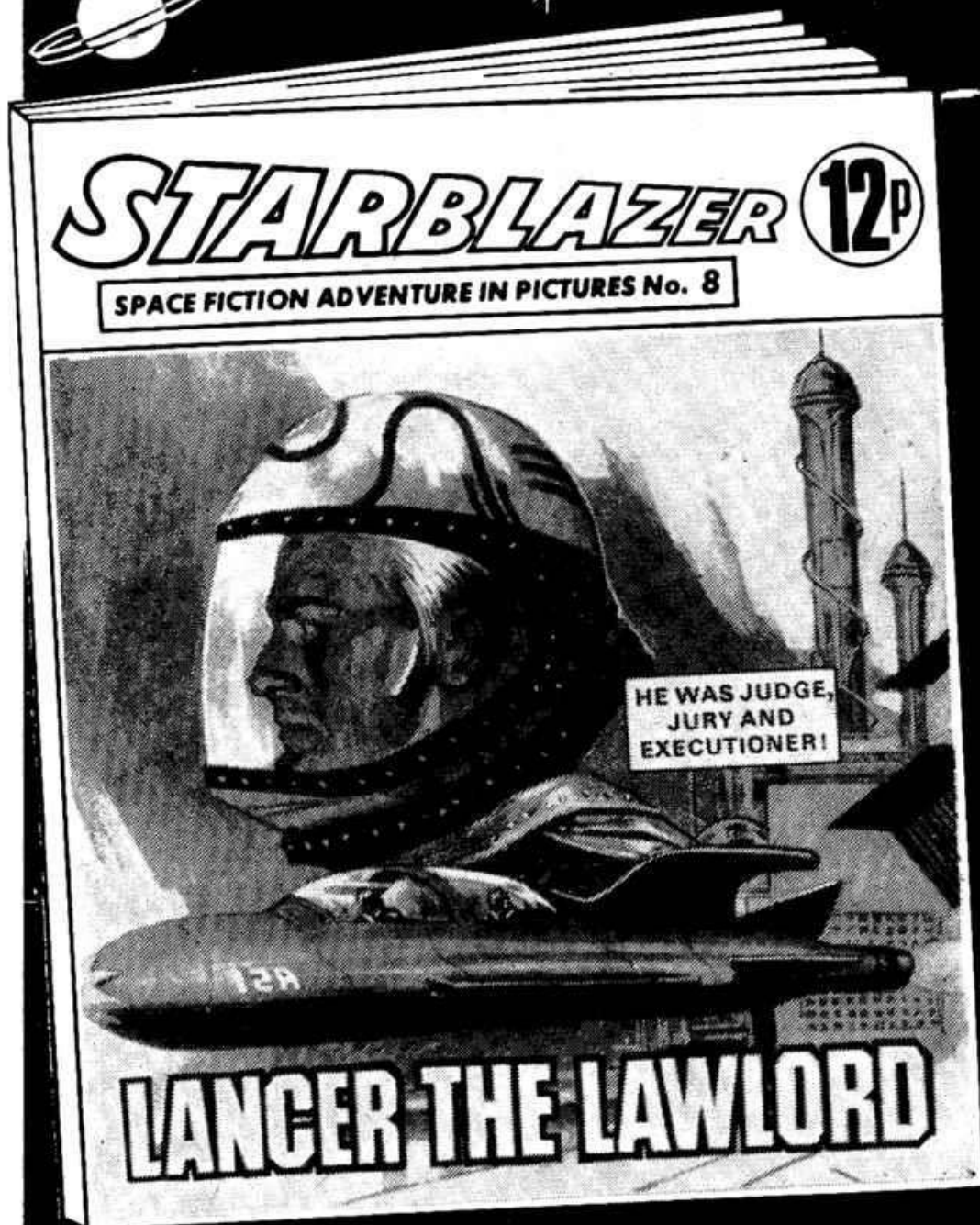
... AND THREW IT IN THE SAME MOVEMENT.







# DON'T MISS THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE



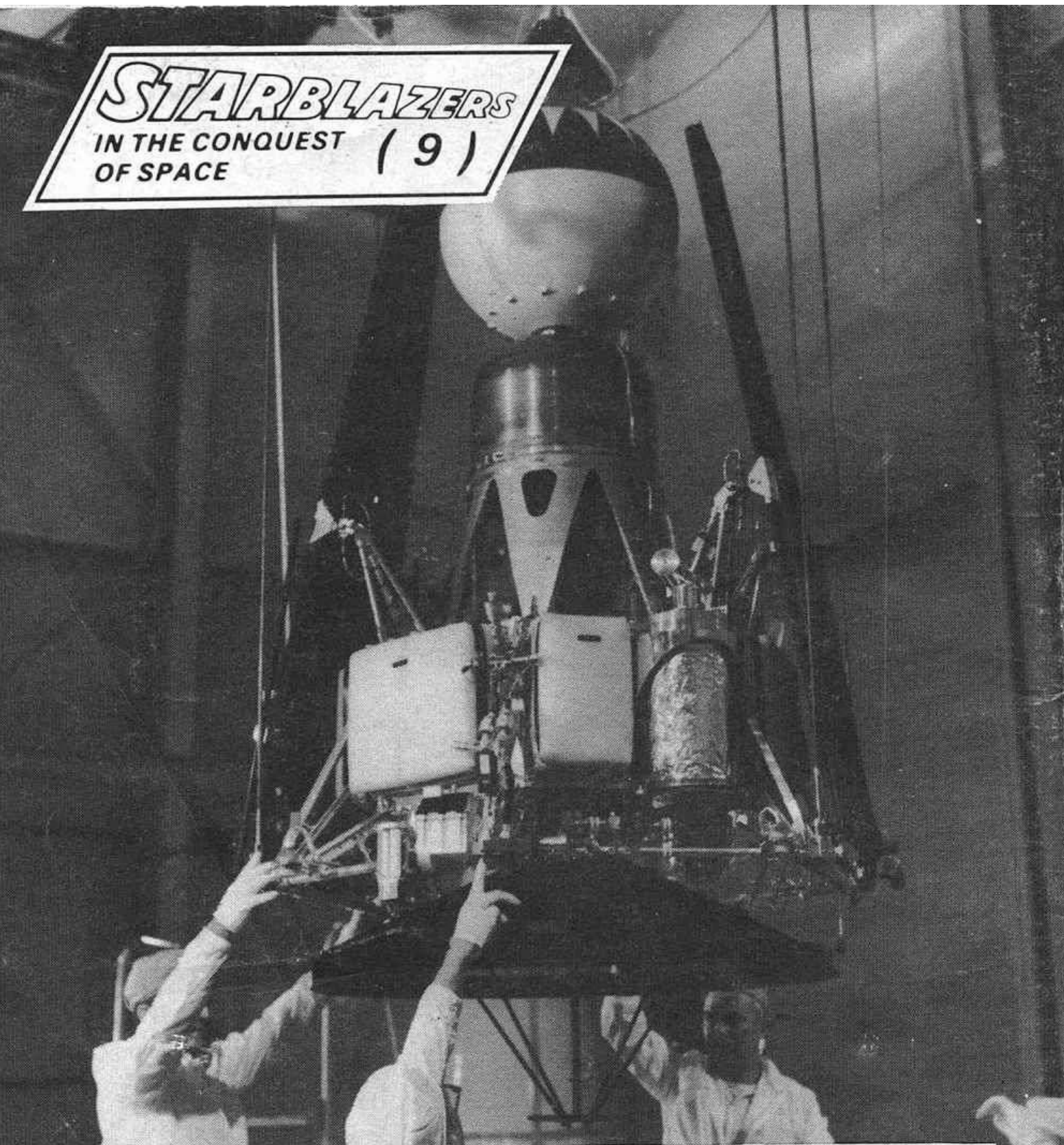
ON SALE  
AT YOUR  
NEWS-  
AGENT'S

**NOW!**

# **STARBLAZERS**

IN THE CONQUEST  
OF SPACE

( 9 )



**The American Ranger 4 (seen here being checked before blast off) was designed to circle the Moon taking photographs before landing. Unfortunately, it malfunctioned and it impacted on the far side of the Moon on 26th April, 1962.**